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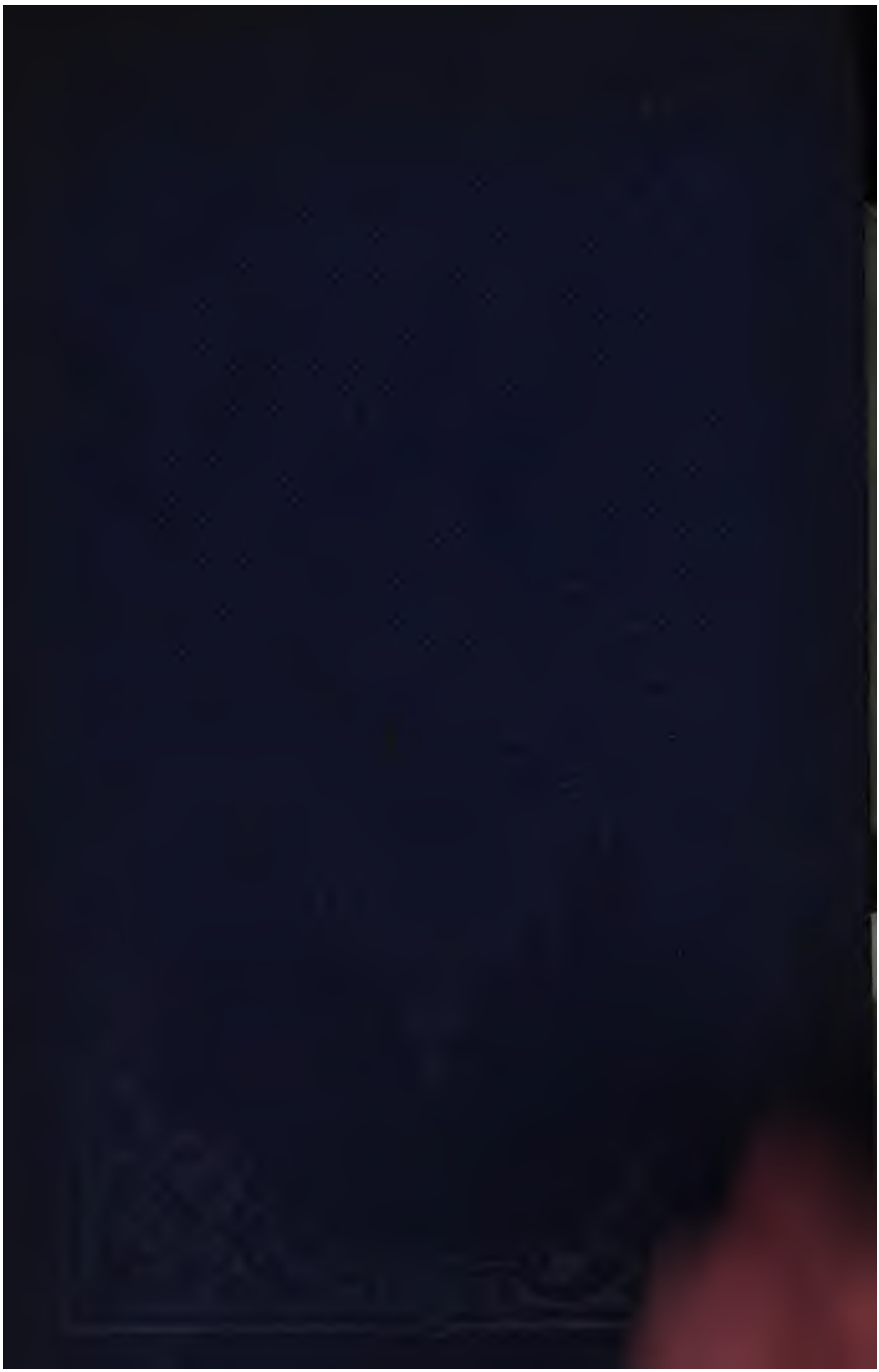

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MAN'S ORIGIN, DUTY, AND DESTINY CONSIDERED,

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONS—

"WHAT AM I?"
"WHENCE AM I?"
"WHY AM I?"
"WHITHER AM I GOING?"
"WHAT ARE MY WANTS?"
"WHO WILL GIVE ME AID?"

BY

JOHN R. BEARD, D.D.

"It is the mind that sees, it is the mind that hears; the rest are blind and deaf."

PLATO.

LONDON: E. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.
MANCHESTER: JOHNSON & RAWSON.
1857.

CAVE & SEVER, PRINTERS, HUNT'S BANK, MANCHESTER.

PREFACE.

In the following pages I have endeavoured to set forth the fundamental truths of religion, mainly as deducible from the essential principles and qualities of the human mind. In prosecuting my task I have attempted to lift the veil and reveal man to himself, in order that, becoming acquainted with his own spirit, he may be led to behold and recognise the spirit of God, its infinite Father. Stated thus in the abstract, the undertaking may wear the appearance of being abstruse and difficult, and as such little suited for popular treatment. Yet my purpose has been of a popular character, and I am not without a hope that the method here pursued may prove as comprehensible and impressive as in my judgment it is sound.

It certainly appears strange, if it is not a sign of the materialistic tendencies of the age, that the ground and reasons of religion should be sought in the study of the universe so much as almost to exclude the study of the human mind. A sound and comprehensive psychology is the basis of all knowledge, nor least of the knowledge of God. This work will not be useless if it do anything to prompt others to exhibit in a systematic manner first the spiritual qualities of the human mind, and then the relation

of those qualities to spiritual truth in general. Such a method of handling the subject of Natural Theology seems called for at the present moment, specially by attempts to disparage the ordinary appeals to the material universe, and by a too prevalent opinion that such appeals fail of their object. The presentation here made of the psychological argument is, however, only an outline, being such as the popular treatment of the subject allowed. For the volume is intended for young persons, and to them it offers not so much a guide as a monitor. Not wholly unacquainted with the tendencies of thought and discussions, in the midst of which they live, at least in our cities and workshops, I have wished to set before them a way of considering these sublime subjects, of which most of them are probably unaware. Having before me a practical purpose, I have not hesitated to add the concluding address, which enters the field of Revealed Religion, nor to study in the development of my thoughts generally the capacity and power of apprehension of those for whose benefit I have written.

Let it not be inferred that I lay claim to originality in the argument I here unfold. In form and in some details there may be something new: in substance, however, the method may be traced back to several of the great thinkers of our race. Plato, in his "Timæus," declares that "everything which comes into existence must necessarily come from something." Saint Augustin, in his "City of God," asserts—"There is one thing of which I am very sure, namely, that I myself exist, nor do I fear being charged with self-delusion, for if I exist not I cannot be deluded." Descartes has presented the psychological argument in several modes. The following gives the essence:—"I have in myself the idea of God, that is to say, the idea of the infinite.—Whence comes it? The idea can only come in two ways, either because the infinite exists, and then

it is perfectly natural for me to have the idea; or because the infinite not existing, I have myself formed the idea I possess. Now is it possible that I have myself formed the idea of the infinite? There are only two methods by which I can form the idea of an object which does not exist, namely, by attenuation, that is, by in thought suppressing some of the qualities of an existing object; or by amplification, that is, by combining in one idea the qualities of several objects. Now the infinite cannot be an attenuation of the finite; nor can it be a collection of finite qualities, since a number of finite things makes only a number of finite things, and a number of finite things makes not what is infinite. Consequently I cannot have the idea of the infinite except on the condition that the infinite exists."

The argument finds support in no less an authority than Malebranche, who says—"The finest proof of the existence of God, that which is most elevated, most solid, the best, is the idea we have of the infinite. For it is certain that the human mind perceives the infinite though it does not comprehend the infinite." If any one denies that the human mind possesses the idea of the infinite, he may be directed to the words of Bossuet—"Tell me, my soul, how you have an idea of nothing except from your belief in something? how you conceive of privation if not by means of the positive reality whose absence it supposes? how you obtain the idea of imperfection unless in virtue of the idea of perfection of which it falls short? Perfection must exist before there can be imperfection. No order no disorder." And has not our mind a love of the good and the beautiful as such? Can any limit be set to its ideas of the good and the beautiful? Has any limit ever been reached? The utmost conception of the good and the beautiful is contained within wider and yet wider ranges. Equally is our thought boundless. The horizon

of thought expands on every side, and when it is strained to the utmost, there is still an equally boundless horizon beyond. If we apply thought to time or space we obtain what is contained, and so are compelled to acknowledge a container. The limited is on all sides bounded by the illimitable. If we pass on to numbers, and think of multiplicity, we find the same necessity to admit something that surpasses all that the senses report or the imagination can conceive. Our moral liberty leads to the same result. Liberty is the power to do or not to do. The power is unbounded relatively to ourselves. But this humanly unbounded power is regulated by a recognised law, for lawless liberty is no liberty at all.

Here, then, is the infinite something which conditions our liberty, itself being unconditioned. Now, law has relation to mind. Law is that which some mind has laid down. But the law by which my moral liberty is conditioned comes not from me, nor from society, nor from the world. It existed before I was, and will exist after I have passed away. Justice and right are eternal. But if justice and right are eternal, they are so as attributes of the Infinite mind. Eternal law presupposes the Eternal law-giver.

From these remarks, and from the Essays themselves, it will be seen that a serious desire underlies what I have written. That desire is to do something to stem the incoming tide of a speculative and practical materialism. A speculative and practical materialism is the grave of religion. The commercial successes of the age encourage a practical materialism. Certain tendencies of speculative thought work in the same direction. If the baneful tendencies are not restrained, the Gospel will undergo an eclipse, and in the consequent darkness our civilisation and our external prosperity will inevitably suffer injury, and may even perish. May England take effectual warning from the fate of Sidon, Tyre, Babylon,

Corinth, Venice, and other commercial states, which sank irrecoverably because they placed their reliance on external and perishable good. A better fate is, however, I hope, in reserve, for my country. A better issue will come of our present civilisation. The religion of the Cross is about to enter on a new, higher, and more energetic phase of existence. For the realisation of this assurance it is natural and proper to look to the Young. Interests of no ordinary kind are in their hands. To them, in consequence, have I here chiefly spoken, and to their service I dedicate the volume.

JOHN R. BEARD.

MANCHESTER, *October 24th*, 1857.

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THE BODY'S GUEST.

Prisoner of flesh! whence, with thy hopes and fears,
Thy longings, doubts, unrest—
Thy strength, thy weakness, thy high-reaching thoughts—
Whence comest thou to this breast?
Oh! whence?

Companion of the dust! mysterious guest,
That dwellest with the clay!
Thy essence?—errand?—purpose?—business?—what?
Answer, if thou canst say!
Oh! what?

Pilgrim of earth! appearing on the scene
At morn—and gone at night—
What unknown goal is thine? At going hence,
Say, whither is thy flight?
Oh! whither?

J. C.

"WHAT AM I?"

1. What am I?—Self-inquiry involves Self-knowledge, which is the knowledge of Mind.
2. What is Self?—The Conscious individual Person.
3. What am I?—A Reasonable Being in an Animal Frame.
4. What am I?—A Reasonable, and therefore a Thinking Being.
5. What am I?—An Intellectual Being.
6. What am I?—A Moral Being.
7. What am I?—A Spiritual or Religious Being, and as such, I know, love, and serve God, revealed to me in the loftiest and most reliable qualities of my own nature.

1.—*Self-inquiry involves Self-knowledge, which is the Knowledge of Mind.*

"What am I?" The very question implies in me the power to give a reply. In asking what I am, I tacitly declare that I know myself. Self-knowledge is involved in self-inquiry. The stock and the stone put no questions to themselves, for they possess no self-knowledge. But the being that can call himself to account claims by that very act a power of self-reflection in which lies the possibility of self-knowledge. "What am I?" is an indirect declaration that I am, and that I am something, and when I ask myself what that something

is, I assume as a first truth, as an admitted or unquestionable fact, that I know, and by meditation may learn and declare what I am.

The first answer, then, to the question, "What am I?" is this, namely, that I am a self-knowing being. I declare this to be the first answer, because it is an answer that is presupposed in the question. The questioner and the respondent are the same; and the questioner and the respondent have in common the one element of mutual knowledge. The questioner knows the respondent, and the respondent knows the questioner, and the two have a vivid sense of the relations they bear to each other. Self-knowledge, then, is the first of all knowledge. It is first in point of time, for every one knows himself before he knows anything else; it is first in point of order, for the knowledge of self is more important than any other. Indeed, the being that does not know himself can know nothing whatever; and the knowledge itself is supreme, if only because it is the knowledge of that which knows other things.

But this self-knowledge of which I speak is the knowledge of myself considered as a percipient or thinking being. Self-knowledge, then, is a knowledge of mind. Consequently, our knowledge of mind precedes all other knowledge, and is more important than all other knowledge. Self-knowledge is the basis and the condition of knowledge in general. But self-knowledge is the knowledge of mind. Consequently, the knowledge of mind is the basis and the condition of knowledge in general. If so, then, I know mind better than I know what is not mind. If the desk on which I write is not mind, then I know myself better than I know my desk. If the hand with which I write is not mind, then I know my mind better than I know my hand. And is not this the declaration of our inner sense? The knowledge of my mind is the very root of my

being; the knowledge of what is not my mind is superficial, vague, and momentary. It follows that I know myself better than I know anything else, and that I am more familiar with mind than I am with that which is not mind. Say, then, that that which is not mind may be called matter; the conclusion is inevitable that I am acquainted with mind in a way and to a degree which surpass my acquaintance with matter. The highest certainty, then, is the certainty which attaches to self-knowledge.

Again, What is self-knowledge? Self-knowledge is a knowledge of mind. My self-knowledge is a knowledge of my mind, the knowledge I have of myself as a living, thinking something. My mind makes its existence known by means of my self-knowledge. I know that I think, and that I am because I have the faculty of self-knowledge. My knowledge of self is the knowledge of my own existence as a thinking being. Now the knowledge of my own existence is the foundation of all my knowledge. This is the first truth on which all my other knowledge is based. Consequently, my other knowledge cannot exceed this my self-knowledge in certainty. Certainty, indeed, is a quality which belongs to mind, not to matter. The certainty of self-knowledge transcends the certainty of anything else, for no mind can be so certain of that which it learns from some other source as of that the knowledge of which it carries in itself. One interposing medium is enough to diminish the certainty, and the certainty may disappear if the knowledge passes through many mediums. But if the certainty of self-knowledge stands highest, then is my knowledge of mind more reliable than my knowledge of matter. And so it appears that I am more certain that mind is than I am that matter is. To me matter exists only because mind exists, and matter is known to exist by me only as known in my mind. Of matter, therefore, apart from mind I know nothing and can affirm nothing.

Consequently, matter apart from mind has to me no existence, and I am at liberty to declare that, so far as I am concerned, matter exists only in virtue of its recognition by mind. Where, then, mind is not, there matter is not. If, accordingly, I deny the universal mind, God, I deny what is not God, that is, matter; and so by saying God is not, I really say the universe is not, and thus annihilate at once the world and Him that made it.

Such is the issue to which we are brought by atheistical materialism. If, then, I ask, "What am I?" I answer, I am a thinking being,—that I know myself as such, and that, as a self-knowing thinking being, I am certain of the existence of mind, and that the existence of matter is certain only as involved in the existence of mind. If I am certain that I have a hand, it is only in virtue of my self-knowledge or my knowledge of mind. Abolish the latter, the former has no existence, whereas the loss of my hand leaves my mind unimpaired.

2.—"*What is Self?*"—*The Conscious individual Person.*

Before we proceed further, we shall do well to ascertain what is meant by "self." Self, if a reality, has something which makes it what it is. A pen is an instrument for writing. The use constitutes the essence of a pen. A pen may be formed of a quill or of steel. A pen may be tipt with feathers or be held in a handle of ivory. However this may be, it is still a pen if it is serviceable for writing with. The quill is not the pen, nor the steel, nor the ivory. These are but the accessaries. Change them, the pen remains. A handle, indeed, there must be, and a nib there must be, else the use would not exist. A handle and a nib, then, are essentials. Consequently we may say that a pen is an instrument so made as to serve for writing with.

With these explanations let us ask what is self. Clearly it is

not the eye nor the ear, for blind people and deaf people possess the attribute of self. As little can self be identified with any part or with all of our natural organisation. A man's corpse is not a man's self. Nor is a man's body himself. We may conceive of every part of the body being successively taken away without destroying self. But if self is not in any one part of the body it cannot be in the body considered as a whole, for the whole is but a compound of its parts. The body, then, is not self. Accordingly, if self is a reality, it must be in that which is not body. Now besides his body man has a mind. Mind and body make up the man. Consequently self is in the mind. But the mind exists in connexion with the body. Therefore self exists in the mind as connected with the body. Self in consequence involves an animal nature, and a spiritual nature. These two stand to each other in a relation of mutual dependence. They have each their own qualities and their own laws. But while the two act and re-act the one on the other, the mind is the master power. This is a matter of notoriety. This is involved in my self-knowledge. I know that my mind sways, controls, and guides my body. I know that every part of my body and my whole body move under the direction and at the bidding of my mind. My mind, then, is the master power. But in all cases the master power is that which gives the character and determines the definition of an object. The master power embodies that which makes an object what it is. Consequently it is to the mind that I must look for a definition of self. Self is in the mind. Self is the very kernel of the mind. Self is the mind. Self is each one's mind distinctively considered. Myself is my mind as contradistinguished from your mind. When we speak of self we in each instance mean our percipient and self-knowing mind. Each one's self, then, is his self-knowing power. Self is the living, intelligent, conscious faculty which thinks, feels, designs, directs, commands, and

acts. Self is more than a faculty—it is a person, it is the individual. When I use the term "I" it is myself I indicate, and when I speak of "I" it is myself I mean. Self, then, is the conscious being designated by *I, thou, he.* But conscious being is self-knowing mind. Therefore self and self-knowledge is the same. Self-knowledge is the essence of self. If then you ask me "What is self?" I answer, "Self is self-knowledge;" or to avoid the paralogism of having the thing to be defined in the definition, "Self is the individual mind with its eye turned within."

It is difficult to give a satisfactory definition of an idea so simple as self, but I shall have gained my end if I have succeeded in showing that mind is the essential attribute of man. Whatever else self may be or may not be, it is conscious mind, the conscious mind of the individual person, or in other words, the consciousness which we each have of our own inner selves. If so, mind and percipient self-knowing mind is man, and man is percipient and self-knowing mind.

3.—"*What am I?*"—*A Reasonable Being in an Animal Frame.*

It has appeared in the foregoing section that I am made up of two sets of qualities linked together by consciousness. The one may be termed mind, the other not-mind or body. It has also appeared that of these two mind is the master power. This master power, however, is connected with an animal organisation. As so connected, the animal organisation forms a part of my nature, and, though of an inferior order, demands attention. That attention my animal organisation is of itself unable to bestow. It owns the supremacy of mind by its dependence on mind. But mind, as superior, is required to take due care of the body. Power has its duties as well as its right. I have then an animal nature which, unable to care

for itself, asks attention from me. If I withhold that attention I am punished for my neglect by the disorder and weakness I undergo. I must therefore keep my house clean and neat if I wish to enjoy comfort. But I cannot secure decency and propriety except I know the facts on which they depend. Therefore must I study my house, and study my means and resources for keeping it in order. In other words, I must make myself familiar with the qualities and laws of my animal nature, in order that I may pursue such a course of conduct as those qualities and laws suggest or require.

Self-study, then, involves the study of the animal frame. As I am a reasonable being, possessed of an animal nature, so must I, the reasonable being, familiarise myself with the possibilities and the requirements of that animal nature, in order that I may profit by the former and satisfy the latter. To such knowledge ought I to be led in my school days; but if unhappily I have been kept without it while under others' hands, it is only the more imperative that I should employ double diligence to make it my own, now in my more advanced age. The knowledge I must acquire or pay the penalty of my ignorance, and the penalty of being ignorant of one's animal nature is bodily infirmity, discomfort, and pain, ever increasing, till they end in premature decay and miserable death, together with mental weakness, confusion, and disquiet, if not distress or even insanity.

4.—"*What am I?*"—*A Reasonable and therefore a Thinking Being.*

We have ascertained that mind is the characteristic of man, and now go on to ask what qualities mind contains. We speak of the qualities of the mind rather than the faculties, for the latter term may encourage the false notion that the mind is made up of separate and independent powers. Now whatever,

on this point, the fact may be, certain it is that mind reveals itself to us each as one undivided and indivisible whole. Our mind is not a compound, but a unit. So much is our mind a unit, that our very idea of unity comes to us from our mind. That unit may have its qualities, but of having parts or constituents it gives no sign. Certainly the mind appears under diverse aspects, and acts in different directions; and we seem, therefore, justified in speaking of the varied power as involving so many qualities. What those qualities are we now propose to consider. And how? We study self; I study myself. I study my mind, that is, my whole inner nature, as contrasted with my body or outer nature. This I have the power to do, for we have already seen that the mind possesses a capacity of self-knowledge. That capacity commonly bears the name of consciousness. Consciousness is the power which I possess of studying and knowing myself. Consciousness is also the contents or substance of knowledge brought to light by self-study. What, then, does consciousness tell me respecting myself, my mind? I ask, "What am I?" and consciousness undertakes to give the reply. I am, then, conscious of thinking, and so am a thinking being. Thinking is a general term used to denote all mental operations, and in saying that I am a thinking being I only repeat that I am a reasonable being. Reason or thought is the general characteristic of mind, and when I affirm that I think, I declare that I possess a mind, and that mind is my characteristic. If, however, I reflect a little, I find that reason, thought, mind shews itself in forms which admit of being distinguished. What are those forms? They are intellectual, moral, and spiritual, or, in other terms, man's mind has logical qualities, emotional qualities, and spiritual qualities. Let us consider, then, these qualities in the order in which they are here set down.

5.—"*What am I?*"—*An Intellectual Being.*

By self-study I learn that I have the power of observation. I take a piece of sandstone and mark its qualities. In consequence I become acquainted with those qualities. For the sake of accuracy I write them down. Then I take a piece of granite and do the same. The two sets of qualities I compare together. Some of the qualities I find are common to the two. In other qualities the two differ. The common qualities lead me to declare both stone or rock. From the differences I learn that the two are not of the same kind of rock. Hence I am led to declare sandstone and granite rocks of different species. I have thus classified two objects, and those two objects I have distinguished by their specific difference. But what have I required in the process? I have required a third object, and a knowledge of that object. That third object is stone or rock. Knowing what are the qualities of rock, I have declared sandstone and granite rocks; and knowing what are the qualities of sandstone and granite, I have declared that sandstone, though a rock, is not granite, which is nevertheless a rock equally with sandstone. The nature of this mental operation may become clearer if instead of granite I take limestone. *Sandstone* and *limestone* are by their very names both *stone*. Here the two agree. This agreement my mind notices, and accordingly tells me to call them both stone. But sand differs from lime. Consequently sand*stone* is not lime*stone*. Here the two differ.

Now the observation of the points in which bodies agree and the points in which they differ is the foundation of all our knowledge, and of all our scientific classification. Equally is it the basis of all reasoning. Logic is nothing more than the science of classification. Hence logic has observation for its source, and comparison for its process.

Consequently logic is a means of discovery only so far as it encourages observation. In other words, observation is the single source of knowledge. Logic shuffles the cards, but does not and cannot make the pack contain one more or one less. Hence you see the reliableness of self-study. The very essence of self-study is observation. Self-study is self-observation. Hence came the primary data as of all knowledge, so of all conclusions. If self-study is fallacious, at any rate no one can know the fallacy, for to know the fallacy supposes the certainty of self-knowledge, and the trustworthiness of observation. However, my chief purpose here is to direct you to the fact that self-study, which is our instrument in these inquiries, rests on observation, and that observation is the instrument, means, or handmaid of all knowledge, scientific knowledge not excluded. The conclusions of logic, then, cannot be more certain than the conclusions which ensue from self-study. Nay, the conclusions which ensue from self-study are the axioms or first-truths on which every logical process is conducted, and from which every logical conclusion borrows its force.

I have given this outline not so much to illustrate the validity of the method pursued in this small volume, as to show what an intellectual being is, and that man is an intellectual being. An intellectual being, then, is a being who can observe, compare, and conclude. He is an intellectual being who by observation learns the qualities of bodies, employs that knowledge as a means of comparing the bodies themselves together, and as a result of the observation and comparison, places those which are alike in one class, and those which differ in another. Hence it is the function of the intellect to study individual objects, to compare one object with another, or two objects with a third, and so to prepare the way for a positive or a negative conclusion. This is the function of the

intellect, and he that can perform that function is an intellectual being. In other words, this is what is meant by the designation "intellectual being." But man can perform these functions. Consequently man is an intellectual being. That man can perform these functions is certain, for I am now in the act of performing them; and every one's own consciousness tells him that he performs them constantly. Beyond a question man is an intellectual being.

6.—"*What am I?*"—*A Moral Being.*

Not less clear is it that I am a moral being. By self-study I know that I love my kindred. This capacity of my nature is called the moral capacity. The name is nothing. One sound may be as good as another. The fact is what we are concerned with, and it is a fact that I can, because I do, love my mother, my wife, my child. This fact respects my moral or emotional nature, and shews that I am a moral being. But the love of kindred does not exhaust this faculty. On the contrary, it is only one manifestation of a deeper power. By self-study I learn that I love order, beauty, truth. It is not my present purpose to show how these loves are connected together and spring the one out of the other. I have now to do simply with facts, and am merely reading out the human soul to itself. I say, then, that every one knows that he loves order, beauty, truth. These affections are among the earliest movements of our souls. They are also the strongest, and when duly cultivated they not only endure, but grow more vigorous and more refined to the end of our days on earth.

We have not, however, got to the bottom of our emotional nature. I love something yet deeper and more important—I love duty. Whatever the idea of duty may be composed of, certain it is that duty is an affection as well as a power. There is in me a sentiment which allures,

charms, and delights, as well as commands. That sentiment, which is as soft and sweet as it is constraining in one aspect, in another frowns, rebukes, and scourges. This power, which thus speaks peace or wages war within each one's own mind, we call conscience. Conscience is a reality. Conscience is a reality whether correctly referred to our emotional nature or not. The reality depends not on any classification. Conscience is not only a reality, but one of the ruling powers of the world. For reward and for punishment conscience is supreme. This is a simple fact. The fact is known to, because it is felt by, all. With some, conscience may be weak, with others, it may seem to be extinct. Exceptions are more apparent than real. But admit exceptions, then, by their rarity, those very exceptions show the universality of conscience. Conscience belongs to man as man, quite as much as sleep, hunger, locomotion, the love of home. Man *is* a moral being. Man has a sense of duty. This sense of duty holds the reins of his existence. It is our guiding power. It tells us what to do and what to shun. It compels us to remain here or to go there. It utters the word of command, and exacts obedience. Addressing itself specially to our will, it holds us back or drives us forward. Touching the spring which sets the machinery in movement, it moves the moving powers of our soul.

That conscience is real, no one denies. Were any one to deny the existence of conscience, he would sooner or later be self-convicted. The practical denial of conscience is very common, and practice has a power to obliterate moral qualities far more efficacious than theory. Yet in spite of the wide prevalence of the practical denial of conscience, conscience still survives; it survives in persons who do much to smother it; it survives even in persons whose lives are most immoral. It is not too much to say that so long as life lasts conscience never [redacted]. Even when right and wrong have changed places in a

person's apprehension, conscience is not extinct, for the idea of duty remains, and as the idea so the authority of the moral law. As long as a man says and can say, "I ought" or "You ought," he is not wholly without conscience. The murderer, who declares that his associate in crime *ought* not to have betrayed him, shows, by his declaration, that at least the embers of conscience smoulder in his heart, and that conscience is an inextinguishable reality.

7.—"*What am I?*"—*A Spiritual or Religious Being.*

We have hitherto remained within the confines of the mind itself. But the mind will not remain there; the mind goes beyond those confines,—the mind seeks an outer object—God. The mind seeks a universe of its own—the spiritual world. I now merely report these facts; in other words, I declare that I am conscious of living in an inner sphere, and of there worshipping a superior power. I know that I bend the knee within quite as well as I know that I am glad when I see my friend happy. Of this I am conscious, not as a citizen nor as a religionist, but as a man. Adoration is a part of my nature. As I love, so I adore; as I cannot help loving, so I cannot help adoring. I am led to worship quite as much as I am led to reason; all men reason and all men worship. To worship, no less than to reason, is characteristic of man; all men worship, because I worship. Moreover, all men are known to worship; a non-worshipping tribe does not exist. Statements which involve the contrary have no other foundation than ignorance. Whatever may come of the fact, a fact it is, and as a fact it must be admitted—that all men worship. It is natural for man to worship; that man should worship is inevitable. Men worship as unavoidably as they eat, drink, and propagate their kind. Worship is man's characteristic, his distinctive characteristic. The brute has the love of offspring;

instinct is a sort of mimic reason. Worship belongs to man. Strip man of every other distinction, you must leave him adoration. Whether adoration is a simple or a compound quality, —whether it is primary or derivative, is here a matter of no moment. Man adores. This is a simple fact, and the simple fact suffices for my purpose.

What, then, is involved in the fact that man adores? When I say that man adores, I say that he adores what? Man adores a being, a being whom he believes to be adorable. Adoration, then, is a practical recognition of God. To acknowledge God is in consequence a necessity of man's nature. Religion is a want, an imperative law, an insuperable necessity. Is it wise, is it right, to resist such a necessity? Will not an imperative law exact obedience or punish disobedience? Can a want of man's soul be neglected with impunity? He that dishonours the claims of worship, sins against himself, while he sins against God. The dishonour, in truth, is never more than partial or temporary. Worship never duly honoured is never wholly dishonoured; men cannot divest themselves of the idea of God. The idea of God is as ineradicable as the idea of duty. Adoration is even deeper than self-love, for it controls, directs, and colours self-love. In the very wreck of human nature you find adoration. God is moulded into the very essence of man's soul,—wherever man is God is. The creation is only the utterance of the Creator. Man's mind is a ray from God's mind. Conscience is literally the voice of God in the soul of man, and so man's moral nature and man's spiritual nature meet together in the acknowledgment of God.

For adoration is an emotional acknowledgment of the Supreme Lawgiver and the Omnipotent Will. As such, adoration discloses in man an infinite capacity. He that adores God, adores the Universal Mind. Adoration, therefore, is an acknowledgment of the infinite; but he that acknowledges, in

some way apprehends the infinite. Man, therefore, has an apprehension of the infinite. But an apprehension of the infinite supposes an infinite capacity. In consequence, man possesses an infinite capacity. Every act of worship carries man into the spiritual world, and the spiritual world is in its nature infinite.

Here, too, consciousness comes to our aid. Consciousness tells us that thought is boundless. Thought possesses a species of omnipresence. The mind is its own place, and can at will be in heaven and hell, here and there, wherever "there" may be. At one moment my thought carries me to the mountains of the moon, and at another to the rings of Saturn, and at a third places me in the milky way. Now I wander with Abraham from "Ur of the Chaldees" to the uplands of Palestine; now I stand by the side of Moses as he conveys God's behests to Pharaoh; and now I am on the bridge of Lodi, with the young republican general, Bonaparte.

Consciousness also tells me that I have an idealising power. Mere fact satisfies no one. No sooner does what is called fact come into existence, than it is laid hold of by mind and idealised. Pure fact has no reality. Fact is ever combined with mind. Mind, in apprehending, idealises fact. Man is a poet by nature. Man's poetic faculty illustrates his infinite capacity, of which, indeed, it is simply one aspect. This poetic faculty is creative; it shapes anew things that are, and gives birth to things that are not. But creation is the act of God. Hence man is the son of God. Hence, too, man owns God as a child owns his father—in virtue of inner relationships which are equally active and imperishable. Accordingly, man's existence is a visible proof of God's existence. Man is, therefore God is. The image argues the imaged original. God is linked with man just as majesty is bound up with starry midnight, or beauty interwoven with the *Venus de Medici*.

This idealising faculty, however, is but a side of a yet wider spiritual power. Consciousness reveals to me a universalising faculty. This faculty finds countless illustrations in language. The moment man has got to the individual he runs off to the species. From the particular we leap to the universal. The moment I see a tree I drop the *a*, and think of tree in general. This is the history of all language. This law has operated from the dawn of civilisation. Every word in the measureless vocabulary of human tongues is, or is becoming, a universal term. The same universalising faculty has operated in constructing what we call the laws of nature; which are, in truth, nothing else than generalisations of the human mind. Gravitation, magnetism, electricity, are products of man's universalising power. What, too, is creation? what redemption? what salvation? but universal ideas created or conceived by man's universalising power? What else, moreover, are all our classifications in Natural History? What else is the very term civilisation? Man's faculty of civilisation itself is connected with his faculty of universalisation. The very word man, as denoting an individual and the species, exemplifies the law of our nature, which transmutes the particular into the general, and expands the general into the universal. "Adam" signifies "a red man," as well as "man," conceived as the human race.

This universalising power is the highest exertion of man's spiritual nature. Here is the best illustration of man's infinite capacity. Here, too, is the ground of our apprehending God, and here is the condition of our worship and adoration. Under the influence of this faculty we ascend from "*my* God" to "God the maker of heaven and earth," and, if possible, going beyond that acknowledgment, own and adore the infinite mind, the Absolute and all-Perfect-One.

The reality of that absolute and all-Perfect-One rests on the same basis as the realities of science. Of the one and the other the human mind is the guarantee. In relation to both

we begin with observation and end with universalisation. Hence comes our acknowledgment of natural laws, hence equally comes our acknowledgment of God. To the one and to the other the mind ascends by impulses too deep to be eradicated, and too powerful to be withstood, and too constant to be denied. You cannot question the Universal Mind without questioning every universal law. He that denies God ought not to believe in astronomy. If electricity, besides being a general name, is a general power, then God is an objective reality, no less than a grand conception. The method by which you get to the former of necessity conducts you to the latter. Deny that God is an objective reality, and you cannot prove that electricity is a general power. The one has fact or reality for its ground no less than the other, and the two are equally revealed to mind by the operation of its own essential prerogatives.

Thus we are taught that religion has its roots in the deepest parts of human nature. Religion is interwoven with the fibres of our hearts. There is a religious sense no less than a sense of sight. The religious sense is made up of man's moral or emotional faculties, in union with man's spiritual faculties. In other terms, the religious sense is our human intelligence considered as involving the idea of duty, the love of man, the adoration of God, the power to apprehend the beautiful, the true, the infinite, nay more, the faculty which in connexion with God and the universe gives birth to the beautiful, the true, and the infinite.

We now see what man is, and can answer the question, "What am I?" And the answer stript of all unessentials, and reduced to its narrowest compass, is that I am a worshipping being, and so possessed of a measureless capacity, out of which grow measureless affections, ideas, duties, and aspirations. If I am a worshipping being, then, while I train my nature in every aspect and direction, I ought chiefly to attend to the education of my spiritual faculties.

And if I am as a worshipping being possessed of the boundless capacity of which I have spoken, I shall not be so foolish as to regard my logical powers as the only source of knowledge. Properly speaking, logic is no source of knowledge at all. Logic does with ideas only that which the mill does with corn; the mill makes corn into flour; so logic transforms the materials which the mind supplies. Hence we see the absurdity of proving the existence of God by logical processes. In every logical process employed for the purpose, the idea of God preexists. The idea supplied by observation needs no proof. Its existence is its demonstration. The infinite in man is the miniature of the infinite God. God is made known to man in his self-consciousness. Religion is in essence a revelation. The Creator shows himself in his works. Showing himself in his works, God has given man an eye to see, and a sense to apprehend, and a heart to love, and a conscience to obey, and a soul to adore him, the exercise of which is no less salutary and pleasant than unavoidable.

"What am I?" I am an imprint of the universal thought; I am a ray of the central sun; I am an image of the eternal original; in a word, I am a son of God, and as a son of God I know, love, adore, and serve my all-perfect Father. This is my essential character. This is my proper description This is that which distinctively makes me what I am. And this also is my glory and my shame,—my glory if I live true to so lofty a vocation; my shame if, falling below my ideal, I sink into a mere reasoning machine, or what is worse, into a slave to my animal appetites. Let it be added in conclusion, that religion is a life full of God, and a life full of God is the best source and the best evidence, and the best support of religion. Yield to your nature, and so be religious. Then you will of yourself know the certainty and experience the blessedness of the doctrine that man is God's child.

"WHENCE AM I?"

1. The Urgency and Importance, and Implications of the Question.
2. As I did not produce myself, so must I be a product of Intelligence.
3. Intelligence in me is causative; consequently I proceed from causative intelligence; and as I proceed from causative intelligence, there is an Intelligence and Cause whence I proceed.
4. The Cause of my Mind is the Cause of all Minds, and so is the Universal Mind.
5. Illustrations of the Nature and Force of the Argument.
6. The general conclusion, namely, that I am from God, and that therefore God is.

1.—*The Urgency, Importance, and Implications of the Question.*

"Whence am I?" is a question which forces itself on man's attention, and imperatively demands an answer. By a law or constraint of our nature, we are all driven to seek an answer. Even the less intelligent, knowingly or unknowingly, speculate more or less respecting their origin. Nor is this curiosity surprising. The question involves our individual relation to the past, the present, the future—in a word, to existence in general, and to the universe. The question includes the greatest of all questions—the existence of God and his operation within and without our own minds. Am I a mere product

of chance? Am I a piece of refuse tossed in some way aside on this petty planet? Am I a waif floating up and down in the wild dark sea of moral chaos? Am I a pure result of a combination of mechanical forces,—a spark struck out by the unskilled hand of the universal blind electrician? Am I here without a creator? Perhaps a link in the endless chain of sequences which stretches back from now till—when? "Whence am I?"

Clearly, you do not satisfy me by answering "I know not, nor can you know." Your allegation that to find out God is impossible, is simply an allegation of your own inability. Whether or not you are satisfied thereby, your satisfaction, if satisfaction you have, rests with yourself, and cannot become mine. On me the question "Whence am I?" still presses. And the question presses on me, and on men in general, because the question is part of a general question. The question "whence?" arises in the mind the moment the mind contemplates an object as existing. Even the boor asks "Whence this injury to my spade?" "Whence this new hat which I did not purchase?" The question "whence?" is merely a general term to denote man's curiosity in regard to causation. That curiosity, very active in childhood, ceases not in the man until his vital functions cease, and becomes intense and intelligent just in the degree in which our minds rise in the scale of culture. The inquiry after causes is, then, natural. Natural? It is necessary,—a necessity of our inmost life. It is a necessity which philosophy may satisfy, but can never quench. Nor can anything deserve the name of a philosophy which either disowns this strong and imperious tendency, this ceaseless craving of our nature, or attempts to restrict its action. But why make such an attempt? Is it not this quest after causes which has raised man from barbarism to civilisation? Is not this quest after causes the great impelling power of modern science? Did not this quest after causes make Galileo, Kepler, Newton,

and Dalton great, and acquire for them undying fame? If the quest after causes is so prolific and so beneficial in science, why must it be interdicted as barreu in religion? If it is right and wise to search after causes in general, is it wrong and foolish to search after *the causes of causes?* In truth, however, any attempt to draw a line and to forbid men to pass that line in their pursuit of knowledge is nugatory and absurd. I might do more than add that it is tyrannical in spirit and obstructive in effect. Positivism, however, disentitles itself as a philosophy, by disallowing a want of the human mind. That want is a want of knowledge, felt in the mind, touching its own source; a want in which may be found the very spring of all human culture; for civilisation is only the child of religion, and religion supposes God, and God is the satisfaction of the want, as "From God" is the answer to the question, "Whence am I?"

2.—*As I did not produce myself, so must I be a product of Intelligence.*

The statement just made, to the effect that I am from God, is the simplest of deductions. One thing is manifest, namely, I did not produce myself. This I know, if only because I know that other men do not produce themselves. But if men now do not produce themselves, then never did they produce themselves. Self-production is a self-contradiction. To produce is to lead or bring forth, and that which is brought forth is brought forth from something. Hence production presupposes a producing power. No producing power, no production. But production goes on all around me. Hence all around me is there proof of a producing power. In every production I see the token and the declaration of a producing power. Production is, therefore God is. Existence implies being, just as that which comes forth implies that from which it comes forth, and just as every new-born babe implies a womb.

Self-production is a self-contradiction, because it supposes an agent in existence and in operation before the agent really exists or can operate. When it is said, "I produce myself," it is said that the "I" exists before the "me." And to say this is to say that the "I" is not the "me," nor the "me" the "I." Such an assertion is a simple fatuity. In truth it asserts nothing. There is no subject of which anything may be asserted, since the true subject is not yet produced. The whole is a mere cheat of language, a cheat made possible only by the form of the words "self-production." Consequently, self production is either nonsensical or self-contradictory. If it declares anything it declares that a thing is and is not at the same time; for it declares that the producer produces, while yet the producer is himself non-existent.

Another sophism may be put forward. "Men do not produce themselves, indeed, but they produce each other." Thus A produces B, and B produces C, and C produces D, and so on. But whence A? The sophism evades and does not answer the question. But if, as we have seen, D is not self-produced, as little is A self-produced. But if A is not self-produced, then A must have had a producer. This in consequence is only the former sophism in a new shape. When you declare that men produce each other, you virtually declare that they produce themselves, since A, your starting point, must, according to your notion, be self-produced. Men, then, are not self-produced. If they are not self-produced, they had a producer. But if men had a producer, all productions had a producer, and the producer of them all is God. Theism is woven into the warp and woof of language; and what is this but to declare that theism is grounded in the very texture of the human mind, of which language is as the utterance, so the image. And so it appears that the issue is *the Human Mind against Atheism*. Of such an issue the final result cannot be doubtful.

"Whence am I?" Science tells us of a time when the human race was not. Whence came it? The universe of things falls into two classes or categories—mind and not-mind. From not-mind I came not, for I am mind. The only alternative is that mind is the source of my being. And here appears the great issue as between Theism and Atheism. The sole point is this, "Mind or not-mind?" in other words, "Mind or Matter?" To which must I refer my existence, to mind or to matter? The answer comes out clearly, from the fact that mind and not matter possesses the creative power. As then there once was a time when man was not, so did he then proceed from mind. Mind is the creator of man. To mind, man, whose characteristic is mind, owes his being. It is no answer to say that mind now acts in union with not-mind, and consequently that not-mind was connected with mind in creating man. I make the concession; for what is that which we call matter? Only God in manifestation. The universe is but the Creator's veil. But it is the office of a veil to cover, not to create.

The argument just developed implies the constancy of the sequences of the universe. Men do not produce themselves now; therefore never did they produce themselves. If men existed in the ante-historical periods of our earth, traces of them would be found in the geological strata. Why? Traces are found of other beings, and so traces would be found of men, if men then lived, because the sequences of the universe are constant.

How do I know that? Certainly not from the past, for in the past I did not live. Certainly not from history, for the testimony of history is but partial, and here I have to account for a general principle. Whence do I derive that principle? It is a result of my experience—a result universalised by the universalising faculty of my nature. The darkness succeeds

the light; the light is succeeded by the darkness. The moon declines only to grow again. The succession of the seasons is invariable. Youth follows childhood, and childhood leads on to manhood, and after manhood come decay and dissolution. He that is a child becomes a parent, and the parent retires to give place to his child. Human experience is made up of recurrences. The great wheel of existence revolves uninterruptedly. So it is at this moment. So it was yesterday. And—thus speaks my inner thought—"so it will be to-morrow." The ecclesiastical formula, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end," thus regarded, announces one of the universal truths of man's intelligence. I know, then, that the sequences of the universe are constant, because their constancy is impressed on my mind by outer influences to which I am constantly subject, and because my mind is gifted with a power of expanding the particular into the universal. And is this reliable in science and in practice? Yes, it is proved to be reliable by daily experience. Daily experience illustrates, and if there were need would verify, these great principles and their data, just as navigation illustrates and verifies astronomy.

It is, then, a fact that the sequences of the universe are constant. The fact suffices to proclaim an all-pervading and presiding mind, for constancy is an attribute of mind, and mind alone is the author and the guarantee of constancy. The laws of the universe are constant, because those laws are the mere volitions of the Universal Intelligence.

Another remark by the way:—We have seen that man's belief in the constancy of the sequences of the universe ensues from two sources, the regularity of outer phenomena and the universalising tendency of the human mind. By the joint operation of the two, men are led to hold it as a first and indubitable truth that what is, was and will be. The assurance

comes from the operation of the universe in the duly prepared mind of man. Without waiting to ask whence, unless from God, this correspondence and this combination, I urge on your attention the fact that, in a similar manner, has God inspired the human mind with a knowledge of his own being and providence. In the creation the Creator shows himself to his intelligent creature by signs and tokens, the meaning of which that creature cannot fail to apprehend; so has he been made and endowed by God. God reveals, discloses, or unveils himself to man. God made man in his own image, that man might be capable of knowing his Creator. Our knowledge of God is a revelation. Or, if you prefer the term, our knowledge of God is an impression—the deepest and the most durable—produced on our religiously-impressible minds by the Sovereign Mind in and through the universe, which is his signet.

In the preparatory steps we have hitherto set we have met with, accepted, and set forth illustrations of the certainty of the being and creative activity of God. It is, indeed, impossible to look at the question, "Whence am I?" in any aspect, without finding ourselves in presence of illustrations of the kind. With such illustrations the universe is crowded; in such illustrations the human mind abounds. Selection is the only difficulty. Already, however, more than once the question at issue has been answered; and if you ask, "Whence am I?" you have for reply, "You are from God."

From the consideration of another great truth, the same answer ensues.

That truth is, that as it is said "Like cures like," so of a certainty "Like produces like." This I have called a general truth. It is a truth admitted as soon as announced. Every being, and every plant, and every power produces fruit after its kind. Constancy marks the productive energy of the universe. The characteristics of species are never lost. Doves

come not forth from the eggs of serpents. The dog and the sheep mate not together. The fig tree brings forth figs, and the apple tree apples. Like gives birth to like. The truth may be negatively put thus—*Unlike things do not stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect.* Hence it follows that intelligence produces intelligence, and that non-intelligence does not produce intelligence. But when I ask, "Whence am I?" I really ask, "Whence is the intelligence designated by the pronoun I?" The answer, then, is that I come from intelligence, and that non-intelligence did not produce me, for "Like produces like," and "Unlike things cannot stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect." My intelligence, therefore, evinces an intelligence whence I came. But I am an intelligent *being*. Consequently it is from an intelligent being that I come. Hence non-intelligent or material causes are excluded; and hence an intelligent being is recognised as the cause of my own existence. I am, therefore God is. Mind presupposes mind; but what qualities are involved in the produced mind? Self-consciousness. Self-consciousness, then, is an attribute of the producing mind. The produced mind possesses also a universalising faculty. A universalising faculty, then, must be possessed by the producing mind. Hence it appears that the mind which produces mind is self-conscious and universalising. It is, accordingly, *the* self-conscious and universalising mind. But the mind that is self-conscious and universalising, as well as the cause of mind in general, possesses the attributes of absolute causation, and is that intelligence which men agree to denominate God.

3. *Intelligence in me is causative; consequently I proceed from causative intelligence; and as I proceed from causative intelligence, there is an Intelligent Cause whence I proceed.*

I have just used the word *cause*. The word cause is unavoidable in an inquiry which asks, "Whence am I?" It is important to understand the meaning of the word *cause*, for when I ask, "Whence am I?" I really ask after the cause by which I am produced. Again, let it be said that self-causation on the part of man is wholly inadmissible. Some antecedent he must have had. What antecedent had he? Intelligent or unintelligent? The question has been already answered—man has an intelligent cause, because he is himself intelligent. In truth, the answer is contained in the word cause itself. Cause bears the stamp of intelligence. On the term "cause" the mind has printed an image of itself. When we speak of a cause, we mean an intelligent agent. In sequences we never stop and say, "That is the cause," or "That is a cause," until we have arrived at intelligence. What is the cause of these visible marks we call words? Not the press, not the printer, not my pen, not my hand, but my intellect. The cause of the movement of the railway train is not the engine, nor the steam, nor the coal, nor the driver's hand, but mind, the driver's mind. Nor, indeed, can we stop there. The real cause, the primary cause, is the mind of Him who set in action the mind of the engineer. Any way mind, and not matter, is the cause of the progress of the locomotive. So, by mind and not matter was the steam engine invented. And how invented? By observing and imitating the processes of mind as already in action in the universe. Man's mind is but a copy or transcript of the Universal Mind. All the lessons, as well as all the inspirations

of man's mind, came from the universal mind. Man's mind is causative, because it is an image of the Universal Mind. Mind is the only cause we know. Mind is the only cause we acknowledge. Mind is essentially causative. In what way is mind causative? In bringing into existence that which is not. Until I had written this essay, this essay was not. Now this essay is. To mind it owes its existence. By my mind that which was not is. Mind, therefore, is creative. Accordingly, the essence of mind is the faculty of creation, and when we say that "mind is the cause," we say that creation and cause are essentially of the same import. Mind, then, possesses the faculty of acting as a creative cause. That is to say, mind is in its nature creative. Consequently, the cause of my existence is creative mind. "Whence am I?' Not from brute forces, for I am intelligent; not from any material cause, for a material cause is a contradiction in terms. Being myself intelligent, I come from intelligence, and having, in my mind, a power of true causation, I come from a true cause; but every true cause is creative, consequently, the true cause from which I come is creative. In a word, I am a creative cause, and from a creative cause must I have proceeded. A creative cause, therefore, exists, and that creative cause is such as to be able to produce me. Now I, considered as a creative cause, am a being. It follows that the cause to which I owe my existence is a being; but that cause is intelligent. It is, consequently, an intelligent being to whom I owe my existence.

4.—*The Cause of my Mind is the Cause of all Minds, and so is the Universal Mind.*

For the sake of clearness the argument has been conducted by a particular instance; but in asking "Whence am I?" I really ask, Whence is every I,—whence is every human being, and so, whence are human beings considered as a class? What,

then, is true in relation to the cause whence I proceeded, is true of men in general. Consequently all men come from an intelligent being, and there is an intelligent being from whom all men come. Now as "like produces like," the cause is seen in that which it causes. But that which a cause causes is commonly called an effect. If, then, you show me an effect, you show me also its cause. Mind in me indicates mind in that which is the cause of me. But mind in a cause is an intelligent being; and mind is essentially creative. Consequently mind in me indicates a creator as the cause of me. Indeed mind, cause, creator, are only different signs for the same reality. Mind, then, in me shows forth a creative mind as that whence I am. The intelligent creature is an index of the intelligent Creator. In a briefer form man is, therefore God is.

The deduction, God is because man is, exceeds not due limits. For what is man? Man, as possessing intelligence, has a creative power. A creative effect denotes a creative cause. But the creative effect is a being, a being therefore is the creative cause. Consequently there is a creative cause. And what is a creative cause but God? For the creative cause in question is the cause of intelligence. Now intelligence is in its nature boundless. Our minds are boundless. They have an idea of infinitude. Thought has infinitude for one of its characteristics. Infinitude is a positive quality of the human mind. From our minds we acquire the idea, so the right to speak, of infinitude. If we have no such idea, all discoursing about infinitude is idle. Men can reason intelligently and usefully of those things only of which they have counterparts or resemblances in their own minds. But mind has self-revealing power, and my mind tells me that in itself I possess an infinite faculty. The faculty is not fully developed. Man is only an image of God. Our infinitude is the shadow

of the Creator's infinitude. Still the infinitude is real. The miniature has all the features of the full-sized portrait whence it is taken. And in the miniature the original is seen. So does our infinitude picture forth our Maker's. And as there is an infinitude in me, so is he infinite from whom I come. But my infinitude is derivative. The infinitude whence I am is not derivative, for if it were derivative it would not solve the problem, since it would itself have to be accounted for. Consequently the being to whom I owe existence possesses underived infinitude.

There exists, then, a being possessed of underived infinitude. But a being possessed of underived infinitude is what we mean by the term God. "Whence am I?" The answer is, "From God." In other words, my derived infinitude involves an underived infinitude. Otherwise derivation is endless; but endless derivation is a contradiction in terms, for there can be no derivation unless there is something to derive from. Derivation (*de* from and *rivus* a stream), says that every stream has a fountain head. Thus is underived or primary existence wrought into the texture of language. Every second has its first. When the first is gained the human mind rests, and is satisfied. This, too, is a law of its nature. A sufficient cause being found and acknowledged, the requirements of our intelligence are complied with; and when the requirements of intelligence are complied with, intelligent inquiries have come to an end. The cause is pleaded, the verdict is pronounced.

But the effect we seek a cause for is itself a cause, a real cause relatively to its effects, though but a shadow relatively to its cause. Now, every shadow augurs the substance whence it is flung; and every image presupposes the original whence it was taken. The shadow and the image in my mind show forth the substance and the original as in God. But the shadow

and the image are a cause, consequently God is *the* cause. Thus this thought of mine unavoidably leads me to the fountain of thought. In nothing short of the fountain of thought can I acquiesce, if only because the thought which I find in me I know to exist in other minds. So many minds so many fountains of mind. But those minds which are each a fountain in relation to their products, are not fountains in relation to themselves, and require a cause as much as does my own mind. Such a fountain, then, is no proper cause. The fountain of these fountains is what I want to find, and it is to that fountain each of these individual minds directs my thought. The common fountain of mind, that which gave and gives intelligence in general, is indicated by all these fountains which it feeds. Only in the cause of intelligence in general can I find the cause of my own intelligence. Hence it appears that there is a general intelligence. That intelligence is some power common to human kind. Such a power must be an ever-living power, sweeping through countless ages. Such a power must be a ubiquitous power, for it is present with me here, and it is present, at the same moment, in every part of this moving globe. There exists, then, an ever-living, ubiquitous power which we call mind, and of which my mind is an outpouring and a pattern. But an ever-living, ubiquitous mind is what is meant by the name God. Again, then, I may affirm God is because man is. But man's mind, we have seen, is creative or causative. Hence, there exists an ever-living, omnipresent Creator or Cause. The existence of man involves the existence of man's maker. Since man, considered as a species, possesses a creative power which is boundless and deathless, so does man in his nature point to an absolutely infinite mind as his creative source. As in language, so in thought, and as in thought so in reality, the imperfect or *not perfect*, implies the perfect, whence the *im*perfect comes. The imperfect is because the perfect is.

But for the perfect the imperfect could never have been. No Creator, no creation. No cause, no effect. Deny the universal mind, you deny mind altogether. In every mind the absolute mind is implied and shadowed forth.

The underlying doctrine of this paragraph is this, namely, that our human intelligence is only the divine intelligence communicated and diffused under such conditions and limits as communication and diffusion require and imply. The light of this lamp is kindled from the central sun. But for light itself, light as light, this taper-light would not be. This taper-light, accordingly, leads my mind to light itself. Every ray supposes the sun. Every human mind supposes the Divine mind. The very question, "Whence am I?" involves the momentous statement, *He is;* for had not he been, I could not be. The universal is predicated in the particular. The form of speech "I am," implicates existence in general. In full it is, "I am a being, I possess the quality of life; I possess the quality of intelligent life." When, then, I say "I am," I declare, and cannot help declaring that intelligent life is, and what is intelligent life but God?

5.—*Illustrations of the Nature and Force of the Argument.*

The argument which I have now expounded may appear somewhat abstruse. Let me, then, see whether I cannot make it a little clearer by a few illustrations.

The argument is to the effect that the workman is seen in the workmanship. The fact is too manifest to be denied, and too constantly proved by experience not to command assent. The schoolmaster knows the handwriting of each of his scholars, and needs no name to tell him who wrote a particular copy. Should A attempt to pass off his copy as the work of B, he would be detected immediately. The workman is seen in the workmanship. Here is a tomahawk. I take it up, and cast

one glance thereon. I see it is an instrument of war. I am carried at once to its maker, and I know that he was little better than a cruel barbarian. Here is a battle-axe and here a gold mace. I trace the relationship they bear, and while I do so, am in thought led to the two consecutive states of society out of which they sprang, and which they respectively symbolise. Robinson Crusoe saw, on his island, prints of a human foot, and without hesitation went in mind to search for the human being by whom they were made. On similar evidence geologists have been assured of the existence and presence of certain palæontological animals in certain localities. Here is the ground and reason of the confidence and determination with which the red man follows the trail of his flying enemy. Every detective policeman is constantly acting on the same principle. Even the instinct of the harrier or the bloodhound practically acknowledges its validity. Who would refer the construction of the *Great Eastern* to the hand that fashioned a canoe? Yet the two have in common this, namely, that they both display mind, both show forth an intelligent maker; both inevitably and infallibly conduct the thoughts of a spectator to the source whence they came. Nor could any logical dexterity dispossess the spectator of his assurance. Tell him he never saw a canoe made, and cannot, in consequence, be sure that *this* canoe had a maker. Tell him that never before did a vessel of such a structure and such dimensions as the *Great Eastern* appear on the ocean; that, consequently, the ship is altogether peculiar, and, therefore, it is illogical to conclude that this leviathan was built by human hands, because boats, and skiffs, and yachts, and similar small craft, are the productions of man's skill and labour. Talk as you may, you are repaid only with a smile. Verily, the spectator would, nor could he help it, be carried from the ship to the ship-builder, and feel assured that the talent of the latter bore an exact pro-

portion to the size, manageableness, utility, and convenience of the former. Look here, this is the Apollo Belvidere, "the Lord of the golden bow," "the glorious King of day," in marble. Did it, like Topsy, grow? Did it leap all alive from the head of Jupiter, as Minerva is fabled to have done? The very child sees the workman in the workmanship (though it never saw a sculptor busy with his tools), and admires a beauty which it cannot describe. You pass along some high land lying toward the southern districts of England. You meet with huge and half-polished stones, each tons in weight, and of a well-informed companion you inquire what they are. They are, he says, bolders, and he adds, this one comes from this mountain-range, and that one from the other mountain-range. And if you request him to explain the reasons of his assertions, he will tell you that, to use a vulgar but in the connexion not unsuitable phrase, they are "a chip of the old block," each a portion of the mountain whence thousands of years ago they were rent, because they wear the same features, and possess the same qualities, declaring their origin by the ingredients of which they are composed, and the degree of cohesion with which those ingredients are held together.

"Whence am I?" I am a bolder from "the Rock of ages." "Whence am I?" I ask myself what I am, and in the second question find a reply to the first—in the same way and with the same certainty that the geologist tells me whence that bolder is on which our eyes are fixed. "Whence is it?" Ask "*What* is it?" and you possess the answer. Granite comes from granite; porphyry from porphyry. If here a mass of red sandstone crops out, red sandstone certainly lies beneath. As the coat indicates the tailor—its fit, its elegance, its durability exactly measuring and denoting the talent and the character of the workman; as the book pourtrays the author in all the details of his mind, whether strong or weak; and how strong or how

weak; whether vigorous or sluggish; whether imaginative or unimaginative; whether exact or loose in its culture; profound or slender in its acquirements; large or contracted in its sympathies —so does the same mind declare first a hand as its maker, and then aver that the Hand that made it is divine. As the moon paints on a prepared surface an image of herself; and as the sun draws his own likeness on the retina of the eye, so has God photographed his infinite intelligence on the visible creation, so that you cannot behold and consider that creation but you see its Creator. In all the separate particulars of this multitudinous world in which we dwell we ever see the worker in the work—in every article of furniture, in every article of dress, in every luxury whether of art for the eye or growth for the palate, or of contrivance for use; in every house, in every mansion, in every palace. And am I to stop here?—and in effect declare, "but this universal temple, with all its conveniences, its uses, its grandeurs, declares no builder, and is a thing which came no one knows whence or how?" Nay more—am I to say that I,—I the mind which sees and admires the wonderful whole,—I the mind without which the whole were to me a blank, that I, who so to say make the whole live, live that is in my apprehensions, am I to say that I indicate no source, attest no divine origin, call no being "Abba! Father!" and that, too, though the tiniest rivulet on earth not only goes back, but carries some one's mind back to the brook, to the drops, to the glen, and to the hill side, where it had its birth!

This recurrence to anterior states and powers, this recurrence until some adequate cause is reached, some agency sufficient to account for the phenomena, this reference of that which *becomes* to that which *is*, and of that which is outward to that which is inward and essential;—this reference from partial, local, accidental, and perishable being, to universal

being, and so to *The Being*, to God, is a simple necessity of the human mind, a necessity the deepest of all necessities in man's nature, a necessity from which there is literally no escape, so that could I, by any darkening and bewildering logic, persuade myself, in answer to the question, "Whence am I?" to say "I know not," or "From nothing," or "From unconscious matter;"—could I in any way constrain myself to utter such follies this night, I should change my statement with the first gleam of returning consciousness in the morning, and the first ray of sunshine that broke into my chamber when again my eyes opened to the light. Right or wrong, man is a religious being. Right or wrong, I do, and cannot help it,—I do find and acknowledge God. Right or wrong, I bend my knee and humble my heart, and so show that God is the deepest assurance and the most reverend thought in my nature. Faith, which is man's earliest light, is his latest guardian. The thought of God opens with our opening intelligence, and never closes while life endures. If God had placed himself in our minds to show us the worker in the work, and to supply with his own lips the answer to the question, "Whence am I?" I could not have a firmer, deeper, or more reliable assurance than I possess, on the best possible vouchers, that I come from God. But this is exactly what God has done; and if this faith is fallacious, there is no certainty on earth: all propositions are equally true and false; the profoundest convictions, the purest loves, the holiest affections, and the saintliest lives are a delusion, and the statement that they are a delusion is a delusion too, for even the uncertainty of uncertainty is uncertain.

6.—*The general Conclusion, namely, that I am from God.*

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. I am. The fact is unquestionable. Whence am I? Two answers

are possible—only two. I am from nothing. This I cannot admit, because it is contrary to all my experience. Consequently I am from something. What is that something? It must be something equal to my production. That which is unequal to produce me could not have produced me. Hence the measure of my own power is negatively the measure of the power of my producer. Less than equal to my production my producer could not be. Now I possess qualities which men agree to call divine. By a divine hand, then, have I been formed. But the power which produced my mind produced every human mind, for the "I" here employed represents human mind in general. Not less, then, than human mind in general must the mind be to which I owe my existence. But I am not only a mind, I am a being. That, then, whence I am is a being. But I am an intelligent being; consequently it is from an intelligent being I come. Now this intelligent being, we have seen, is the cause of human intelligence in general; consequently this intelligent being is intelligence in general, and *something more*. That something more is *Cause*, the Cause of intelligence considered as intelligence. But the Cause of intelligence is the Cause of Causes, and the Cause of Causes is God. To put the same argument somewhat differently. The mind that created me created you, for the argument is general. Accordingly, this mind which we have been led to know and acknowledge is the creator of all minds; but all minds are one. Therefore he is the creator of mind. Now mind, we know from experience, produces all other things. He, then, that created mind, created the universe. But what is the creator of the universe except God? God, then, is—God the Creator of myself and all men, as well as worlds innumerable. In other words, THERE IS A GOD, and from that God I come, by that God was I created, and in that God do I live.

We have asked the question—"Whence am I?" and have received but one answer. That one answer has, however, been repeated over and over again. To multiply the answer is not my purpose, else the task would be easy. Frequent enough for illustration and for effect has the repetition been. With iteration such as this, who can hold out against the conclusion that God is the author of man's being, and, in consequence, that there is a God whence man came? You cannot, indeed, think a thought or experience an emotion without being carried from these internal realities up to the august ideal of which they are faint copies and imperfect patterns. You cannot put together any form of words conveying sense without employing or implying generalisations which involve the Universal Mind. You cannot meditate, however briefly, on the qualities and the mysteries of your own being without finding yourself immersed in the *claro oscuro* grandeurs of the primal source of existence, the central and paternal mind of the Universe. Bow down your heart in lowliest homage and the most loving reverence, and the act of worship will do more to make God known to and felt by you than these, alas! (on so sacred a subject) too many words.

"WHY AM I?"

1. Preparation already made for answering the question, "Why am I?"
2. Coming from God, I am a dependent being.
3. As a dependent being I am bound to do God's will.
4. God's will is declared in my faculties, which are God's gift.
5. That I should improve my faculties is God's will.
6. I cannot improve my own faculties without improving the faculties of others.
7. Hence I am here in order to promote improvement in general.
8. The reason why I am bound to promote improvement is, that it is God's will I should do so.

1.—*Preparation already made for Answering the Question, "Why am I?"*

We are now in a condition to answer a third question, and that, too, a question of extreme importance, namely, "Why am I?" What I am, we have in some measure ascertained, and in substance our ascertainment includes these particulars. I am a creature of flesh and blood, I am also an intelligent being. Though acted on by my material part, and by the material world in which I live, I am able, in virtue of my intelligence, to control the outward, to shape and colour the inward, and generally to direct my steps. As being intelligent, I am an intellectual or reasoning being, a moral or emotional

being, and a religious or worshipping being. By the joint action of my moral and religious faculties I feel and own the law of conscience, the law of right and wrong, the law, that is, which assumes to command and rule my whole existence. This is what I am, and this is the being of whom I ask, "Why am I?" But I, the being thus described, came not here by chance. I am, we have also ascertained, created and placed here by the Universal Mind, or God. This fact sets me in a new light. If I come from God, clearly I am dependent on God, and if I am dependent on God, I am bound to do God's will. Before I can do I must ascertain that will—what is it? Any way, I am here in order to do God's will. This is the answer to the question, "Why am I?" The statements here made will form so many propositions, and those propositions separately and in combination contain the answers to the question, "Why am I?"

2.—*Coming from God, I am a Dependent Being.*

A dependent being is one who depends or hangs on another. Now I did not make myself, for I can neither give vitality to my blood, nor make my blood flow in my veins. As little can I give vitality to the seed which produces the wheat whence my bread is made. Nor can I command the seasons in their course, by which harvests are ripened and garnered. Nor can I materially alter the conditions, whether external or internal, under which I was born, and in which I find myself. I enter existence a helpless babe, and I leave the earth a corpse; neither this nor that is the object of my choice; almost as little is any intervening state the creation of my own hands. All things preach to me my dependence. Beyond a question I am a dependent being. But a dependent being depends on some other being. Here again language contains, and to the linguist conveys, spiritual truth. To depend is to hang, and

that which hangs must have something to hang upon. There cannot be a *de*pendent being without an *in*dependent being. That independent being is God. Consequently I am dependent on God. What is the being on whom I am dependent? He is the substance of that of which I am the shadow. He is in absolute perfection that which I am only in relative excellence—absolute intelligence, and so absolute love, wisdom, power. He is the whole, while I am but a part. He is freedom, while I am free. He is the will whence my will derives its qualities. In short, He is on the scale of perfect infinitude that which I am on a scale of rudimental infinitude. He is THE FATHER, I am His child.

Another reason here for my dependence. Dependent I am when regarded in myself. Dependent I am when regarded in my source. Manifestly, then, I am dependent—my being is dependent on *The Being;* my freedom is dependent on *The Free One;* my intelligence is dependent on *The Supreme Intelligence.* One child in the wide and thickly-peopled universe, I look up and look around, and discover that "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." I am dependent on the Universal Father.

Before we pass on, let me remark that this dependence is both real and constant. It is too common to acknowledge religious truths with the lips without feeling them in the heart. The reason is, that religion is too much a matter of general talk, and not enough a matter of individual meditation. Now in these words I want not so much to teach as to excite thought. If I can set any one a thinking, or help any one to think more earnestly than he has thought, I shall be content. Let, then, the reader ask himself whether the dependence now spoken of is not a reality. Is it not a reality that the light of day comes and goes at a higher bidding than yours? Is it not a reality that labour fatigues you, and food

restores your strength, and sleep re-invigorates you? Is not health a reality? and joy a reality? and sorrow a reality? and are not these realities mainly independent of you? You *are* a dependent being. If you denied it before you had the tooth-ache you deny it now no longer. But the dependence is no less constant than real. Man's dependence on God is absolute. It knows neither degrees nor exceptions. We are dependent on him in sickness, equally so in health. On shipboard we are dependent on him, and if a tempest arises we acknowledge our dependence. But not less dependent are we when on land; and there our dependence runs through the whole web of existence. Dependent when we lie down, we are dependent when we rise up;—when we eat and drink; when we labour and when we rest. We join the family circle, and listen to music written by Beethoven, and reproduced by a daughter; for "the hearing ear" we are dependent; and for the appreciating sense; and for the capacity of harmony, and for the laws of harmony. Every sensation, every pulse, every gladness is in God rather than in us, and in us because it is in God. Literally is our life "hid with God." We live in God more intimately than the embryo lives in its mother. It is a simple fact that I am a child of God, and that God is my Father. This fact I cherish as a source of comfort and support. Equally is it valuable as a ground of duty. Dependent on God, I am bound to obey God.

5.—*As a Dependent Being I am bound to do God's Will.*

"Dependent on God, I am bound to obey God." The general principle here implied is, that dependence involves moral obligation. There is only one exception to the principle, and that exception appears when the dependence is dependence on evil. To depend on evil is a calamity, and no law compels me to obey that which is my bane. Nay, rather, when evil

pretends to assume the mastery over me, whether the evil be inwardly in my soul or outwardly in the universe, I am bound to disobey or to withstand. In the resistance I may be crushed, but it is better to lose life than to serve evil. If I ought to serve evil, all men may serve evil, and so, the service of evil becoming universal, the race of man would do its best to annihilate good. The measure of the evil matters not. If even omnipotence is evil I am still bound to disobey, and I am bound to disobey with the greater determination the huger the proportions in which the evil exists.

And why am I bound to disobey evil? Because evil *is* evil, and because the law in my heart makes me shrink from evil, and cleave to good. That law is of a moral nature. That law says to me, "Thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not bear false witness." Sinai is but an echo of the universal heart of man. To kill, to steal, to bear false witness, is evil. Why? Because they are contrary alike to God and to man, and to the laws of the universe, which are simply utterances of God's will. Evil is indeed ruin, and as such is to be resisted.

But to resist evil is to assert good. The assertion of good is the only effectual way to resist evil. If, then, I am bound to resist evil, I am in that obligation bound to assert good. The assertion of good is my duty, because good *is* good, and because the law in my heart makes me cleave to good, and shrink from evil. That law is of a moral nature. That law says to me, "Thou shalt preserve life," "thou shalt guard property," "thou shalt speak truth of thy neighbour." In a word, "Thou shalt do unto others as thou wouldst that others should do unto thee." The Gospel is but an echo of the universal heart of man. To do justice and to love mercy is good. Why? Because they are acceptable alike to God and to man, and are in accordance with the laws of the universe,

which are simply utterances of God's will. God is good, and as such is to be obeyed. Were God not good, disobedience would be my duty. The Devil is painted as the all but omnipotent fiend, and all agree that we should resist the Devil. But God is good. His very name God (that is *good*), denotes his goodness, uttering the great faith of the noble Saxon heart. In obeying God I obey my own highest law; I obey that in ideal and absolute perfection which I obey when spoken imperfectly, and perhaps faintly, but still really in my own mind. Subject by my inner nature to a law of moral good within me, I am prompted no less than bound to obey *the* law of moral good, which has its seat in the bosom of God.

I say that there is here a moral obligation. What is a moral obligation? An obligation is etymologically a tie, and not a tie merely, but such a tie as supposes that the inferior is tied to (*obliged*) the superior. Hence a moral obligation is a moral tie connecting the inferior with the superior. Obligation being a moral tie of this kind, involves a sense of that tie as a fact, and such conduct as a sense of that tie is fitted to beget. Now what is that conduct? If I am sensible of depending on a superior power, I am grateful to that power, and my gratitude makes the will of that power my law. These are natural consequences. Gratitude is natural. Obedience is natural. They are states of the individual which always arise under a moral condition. If I receive good from you I am thankful; if I am thankful to you I respect your wishes, and incline to obey your law. If the good I receive is very great good, I become your servant. If the good I receive is the greatest possible good, such good as comes from God only, I love you supremely, and own that I ought to obey you unrestrictedly. In other words, my sense of dependence has begotten in me a sense of moral obligation, and in that sense I find and acknowledge the highest and most imperative law

of my being. In creatures endowed with a moral capacity God's goodness calls forth love, and love issues in obedience. "We love him because he first loved us," and as we love so we obey God, for love and obedience are only two phases of the same spiritual reality. This, then, that we enforce is no slavish service. To obey God is to obey good, and to obey good is to obey the highest law and the best impulses of our nature. Consequently obedience to good is perfect freedom and happiness.

The proposition when properly stated is, that dependence on moral good brings with it moral obligation on the part of a being who possesses moral capacities, or the capacity of moral good. I am able to obey good, and therefore good I ought to obey. By obeying good I shall promote good, and therefore I ought to obey. If I obey good I listen to the imperial will heard in my soul, and therefore I ought to obey. But that imperial will is God's will, the will of the highest good, and therefore I ought to obey. In short, I am bound to be for good, for absolute good, and not to be for evil, for any evil. I am so bound because I am dependent on that Absolute Good; in other words, I am so bound because such is my master's will—the will of my Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, Father—the will of Him whose will is no less love and wisdom than law.

But what is it to obey? To obey is to hear so as to do Doing as a consequence of hearing is obedience. I hear God's will, for it speaks in my conscience. That will is supremely wise, and supremely kind. Hearing that will I hear my own law, and hearing the law on which depends my highest ultimate good, I am bound to obey. Otherwise I am at liberty to trample under foot that which is to my moral nature as the light to my eye, and the marrow to my [redacted]dience in some form is inevitable. The man wh[redacted]obey one

law does by the very act obey another. If to obey is to hear so as to do, then it is only an option that is left to us, and either good or evil we do and must obey. Which of the two ought we to obey? Dependent on good, should we not obey good? Does not the word "ought" decide the question? Can there be any obligation to obey evil? Am I bound to be my own destroyer? The very idea of obligation compels me to prefer good to evil as our sovereign power.

I am dependent on good, consequently I should obey good. But the good I am dependent on is God, consequently it is God I should obey. God's will is my law.

4.—*God's Will is Declared in my Faculties, which are God's Gift.*

As God's will is my law, and as I am bound to obey that law, I am much interested to learn what that will is. Can I know God's will? We here come to the pith of the question, "Why am I?" If I do not know God's will I cannot answer the question why I am here. But if I know God's will I have means to answer that question. Of course I speak of God's will as it concerns myself. Tell me what God's will respecting me is, and then I at once know why I am here. Nor is there any other way of knowing why I am here. The word "why" implies an object or purpose, an end, aim, or result; and the question rightly understood comes to this—"For what purpose or end am I here?" But purpose and end are mental realities, and as such imply a mind in which they reside. No God, then, no purpose, no end in human life. Equally, if I know not God's will respecting myself, I know not, I cannot say why I am here. The question *why* is asked in vain when there is no mind to give the "*because*" or the "*for*" or the "*to.*" Why am I? "*Because* God willed it;" why am I? "*For* God's pleasure;" Why am I? "*To* fulfil God's purposes." Strike out

the word "God," and you destroy the answers. Without God human life is without a reason, without an object, without an aim, without an end,—a mere game of chance, a mere foot-ball kicked hither and thither in sport, a mere log tossed until sunk in the whirlpool of forces alike lawless and endless. But the universe is not without God, and God ever dwells with and in man, his son and representative. Why, then, am I?

The answer is, to do your heavenly Father's will. "What is that will?" Look at your faculties. What are you capable of? Here are feet—what were they made for? "Locomotion." Then you are here in order to walk. Here are teeth—what were they made for? "Mastication." Then you are here in order to eat. Here are hands—what were they made for? "Manipulation." Then you are here in order to handle, and in handling to delve or to construct. All this is so clear as to appear almost childish. Not less clear is God's will, as made known in every other power or aptitude you possess. You have a mind, and are here to learn to think. You have a heart, and are here to learn to love. You have a soul, and are here to grow up in worship. In general you possess a higher nature, and are here to exercise and enjoy that higher nature. That nature, if duly exercised and enjoyed, subdues all your lower propensities, and makes you a noble and a happy being—a true son of God. Consequently you are here that you may become a true son of God. Every faculty you possess is imprinted with words declaratory of God's will and your duty. Aptitude is obligation. I can, therefore I ought. In giving me the power to think, God bids me think. Equally in bestowing the gift does he endow me with the right to think. Liberty of thought is God-given. As God-given, liberty of thought is absolute. Being absolute it is independent of men. And so the rights of conscience are guaranteed by God himself. Nay, those rights are duties, and as duties I am obliged to

exercise them. Therefore I am under an obligation to think freely, and as to think freely so to speak freely. Free speech is not so much a right relatively to man as a gift bestowed of God, and an obligation imperative in its claims, because divine in its origin. Free speech as a result of free thought is the true *jure divino* prerogative, before which "the right divine to govern wrong" is now fast disappearing, and is destined to vanish utterly.

I ask, "Why am I?" and am answered, "I am, in order to exercise and enjoy those powers, rights, and obligations of which God has made me capable." The answer to my "Why?" is stamped on every part of my frame, every faculty of my mind, every possibility of my nature.

5.—*That I should Improve my Faculties is God's Will.*

I exist in order that I may do God's will. This is the general answer. That will is impressed on all my faculties. A full and particular answer to our question would require a review if not an analysis of our faculties. As those faculties severally passed before us, I should have to say, "I exist in order to be, to feel, to think, to do this or that which my heavenly Father has made me capable of being, feeling, thinking, doing." This survey would lead us into too much length. I therefore select one general law or tendency of our nature for remark. It is of itself sufficiently clear that I possess ability or possible power. The infant is a bundle of physical, intellectual, moral and religious possibilities. These possibilities appear to have no limit as to extent, as they certainly are very great in number. The possibilities of the human soul are at present under a thick veil. The possibilities of physical nature we are beginning to see, now that we have gas and railroads and the electric telegraph. Yet what are these really except a proof and a prefiguration of the possibilities of human intelligence? The

real triumphs of this age are not—as too many dream—physical, but mental. The steam-engine betokens the possibilities of mind better and more, if not rather, than the possibilities of matter.

Now what does "possibility" signify and denote? In its simpler form possibility is improveableness. I am an improveable being; therefore I am here for improvement. This improveableness is God's gift. Therefore it is God's will that I should improve the endowments of which I find myself possessed. The conclusion is general. Consequently I am here in order to improve all my faculties. And to improve all my faculties I must improve each. No exception must I admit. Each faculty and all, each and every possibility, each severally and all combinedly, must I call into activity, and perfect so far as I am able. This is what I am here for. I am here for self-education. Culture, improvement, ever-growing excellence, are the objects God had in mind in making me what I am, and placing me here. I have said there is no exception, for the argument admits of none, being general and all-comprehenive. Bound, then, am I to educate my physical capabilities—the eye, the ear, the voice, the hand, every member of the whole frame. For this purpose I am here. But these are not my highest possibilities. I possess faculties by which these are governed, and in virtue of which I may attain the true excellence, power, and dignity of a man. I possess faculties which look as if they bore the stamp of a divine origin and an immortal destiny. I possess faculties which in others I have seen go so high as to "claim kindred with the skies." These faculties I must cultivate. To cultivate these faculties I am here. And may I not add, that, if there is a preference, these my highest possibilities ought to receive chief attention, so that whatever else I neglect I must not neglect the culture of my intelligent nature. But the culture

of my intelligent nature may be appropriately designated self-culture. For self-culture, then, I am here. Self-culture is paramount. Self-culture stands second only to self-perpetuation. I *am* that I may *become* thoroughly and harmoniously developed in all my faculties and capabilities.

6.—*I cannot Improve my own Faculties without Improving the Faculties of Others.*

Self-culture is no selfish thing, though often pursued in a selfish spirit. Self-culture, as denoting universal culture, involves the culture of the benevolent affections. For is not the human heart endowed with the rudiments of benevolence? The love of others is equally natural with the love of self. Nor can the will of God be fulfilled unless I seek the good of my neighbour, since God, as the sovereign Good and the equal Father, desires my neighbour's good not less than he desires mine. But in the actual connexions of society, as established by the Almighty, good is common, for I have a share in your good, and you have a share in mine. Hence arises a universal intercommunication and reciprocity. I am not an individual so much as one of a class, or rather a community. Selfishness, then, is no less foolish than wrong. I cannot secure my own good apart from and independently of, much less in opposition to, your good. The fact extends even into the recesses of the bosom, for without the softening, expanding, and ennobling culture of benevolence, general culture, true self-culture, is impossible; for if the head acts on the heart the heart controls the head, and if my heart throws not into my vital system a stream of pure disinterested love, the system will lack the very principle of the higher life. Indeed I have not the power to work exclusively for my own advantage, even if I wished so to do. The common Father undertakes the distribution of the good things which are produced under his government.

Of the results of my self-culture he takes and hands over to others. Culture of every kind is in its nature diffusive. Mental and moral power can be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" no more than the air or the sun. Working for myself ever so exclusively, I work also for others, and often the more selfish my spirit the less considerable is my gain. In culture the distinction of "mine and thine" are comparatively slight and evanescent. The more I seek to develope my own higher nature, the more shall I do for the development of your higher nature.

7.—*Hence I am, in order to Promote my Improvement in General.*

If now you repeat the question, "Why am I?" the general answer is, "You are in order that you may make the most of your natural gifts, and so fulfil the will of God." The answer is little in agreement with common apprehension. Most men give practically a very different answer. Most men say in deed, if not in word, that they are here for happiness. Thinking they are here for happiness, they seek, they ever seek to be happy. The result is a miserable failure. The failure occurs again and again under men's eyes. Yet still they pursue the same folly. All the world is seeking to be happy. Every person is seeking to be happy. Yet no one *is* happy. No one *is* happy as he would wish to be happy. Nay, the greater number are very far from being happy. Still the quest continues—the chase after an illusion. And continue the vain and nugatory pursuit will, until men acquire self-culture, and in the power which hence ensues ponder our question, "Why am I?" for what end did God bring me into being, and place me on this earth? Then will they be led to the answer that they are here to perfect their natures by promoting their own culture and the culture of their brothers, in order that every

man may be in every respect and to the fullest extent that which God intends. The general good is the end for which each individual is created.

8.—*The Reason why I am bound to promote Improvement is, that it is God's Will I should do so.*

Even beneficence may be pursued in a selfish spirit. If I do you good in order to benefit myself I shall lose my reward. The very essence of self-seeking is often hidden under the cloak of doing good. "Doth Job serve God for nought?" may be asked respecting very many who stand before societies and the public as benefactors. "Why am I?" Not to make a gain of godliness, good though godliness is. "Why am I?" Not to gain popularity by public efforts for the advancement of knowledge. "Why am I?" Not to push myself into otherwise inaccessible circles of social life by parading my acquirements on popular platforms. Such endeavours may prove successful, but they are baneful to true self-culture, and do but little for the increase of the general good. Without "a clean heart" there is no true self-culture. Until you begin to work for God you work to little effect in the way of true self-culture. It is only the highest good that you can seek with an infallible certainty of success. Why are you here? Not to please either other creatures or yourself. You are here simply to bear, do, and accomplish God's will, and until you know this practically you know nothing well.

"WHITHER AM I GOING?"

1. I am entering on a journey long, perilous, toilsome, and exhausting, and so ought to ponder the steps I set, lest I take the wrong road.
2. I am seeking some good thing; something better than what I possess—such as improved pecuniary resources, improved condition in life; but all such seeking is futile except it is accompanied with improved character.
3. I am going forward to the possession of personal qualities and the entertainment of personal responsibilities, wherein lies the pith and marrow of my existence, and the very fountain of my life—that which makes me what I am, and so makes and keeps me happy or wretched.
4. The conclusion is that we are each going forward to good or to ill, just as we are under the controul of sound principles, pure affections, and emphatically the worship of God—the central sun of every true human life.
5. The good or ill to which I am going forward runs on in one unbroken line, from the present moment into every coming moment, until the "great change," which introduces each person into the inner world of life everlasting.

1.—*I am entering on a Journey, long, perilous, toilsome, and exhausting, and so ought to ponder the steps I set, lest I take the wrong road.*

"Whither am I going?" Surely this is a natural question. I have before me a journey, a journey long and perilous. That it is long and perilous I can see with my own eyes, and

those who are in the middle or near the end of it, declare that it is not only long and perilous, but toilsome and exhausting. Before I enter on such a journey it is natural that I should stop and ask "Whither am I going?" Is it not natural? Do not I do so if even I have only to travel a few miles? Except I know whither I am going how can I know the way? And am I then to rush blindly on the future? Many, I know, do rush blindly on the future;—but what is their condition? Is their condition such as I should like? Rather, their condition is a pain to me, as it is full of woe to themselves. It is natural that I should ask, "Whither am I going?" and therefore I will put the question to myself calmly, and meditate on it deeply and long.

It is my path that I am now inquiring for. The end or purpose of my existence was determined when I answered the question, "Why am I?" The present question is, am I living and acting so as to secure that end? "Whither am I going?" really asks, What am I doing? what am I seeking? what am I living for? Here I am in the midst of my fellow-men; thousands are hurrying to ruin—am I one of them? thousands have no concern for the morrow—am I one of them? thousands contract the most weighty obligations without a thought or a question—am I one of them? thousands are buried in sense—am I one of them? If I belong to any of these classes, shall I remain there? Can I in my inmost mind approve the course they are pursuing? Can I truly and wholly approve my own course? Yes, doubtless, I have a course before me. It may not be of my own choosing, still it is *my* course; and if I chose it not, shall I adopt it? Certainly, if now I make it my own by continuing therein, my own it will be, and I must follow whithersoever it leads.

Yes, Young Man! follow whithersover it leads you must and will. The first deliberate step a young man sets on the path of life

goes very far to determine his fate. Once on the road, you have but a small chance of returning. You have chosen your master, and must do his bidding. In a being of moral capacities any and every step in life is of consequence. But of special importance is the first deliberate act of early manhood. Sit down calmly and reflect a moment. Up to this time your course has been determined mainly by others, and by others has your character to a great extent been formed. Now you are your own master. That course you can change, that character you can modify. Do you wish to change the one and to modify the other? This I cannot know; but what I do know is, that you ought earnestly to contemplate both, in order to ascertain whither you are going, and to take such measures as reason and prudence may suggest and justify. "Now or never" should be your motto. If you find all right, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are pursuing the proper course. If you find all wrong, the sooner you make the discovery the easier and the more effectual the change. Only admit no delay, and tolerate no sham. Make your inquiry now, and make it with full earnestness of purpose. Cease to be a child, and become a man. Your future depends thereon:—your whole future—its shape, its colour, its direction, its issue—all depends on your present determination. Shall that future be dark or bright? troubled or peaceful? stormy or calm? a failure or a success? "But why urge so obvious a fact?" Because of the fascinations by which you are surrounded; because of the inertness in which many are held, as if insensible to duty; because of the lower impulses of all, impulses by which they are urged to snatch the present good, and disregard the future ill. Yes, yours is a perilous position. You are in the centre of great temptations. You are at the fountain-head of great issues. Be careful, be very careful what step you next set. Yet be not timid. If dangers beset you,

you are succoured by noble powers. God lives and moves in the heart of every virtue-loving and truth-seeking youth. And therefore have you on your side generous sympathies, lofty aspirations, pure motives, earnest strivings. The emotional richness and moral nobility of a simple, earnest, thoughtful youth, is beautiful to behold, and a sufficient proof that God is good. Sad to think that such glory should be turned into shame, such joy turned into mourning, such hope doomed to disappointment. And yet so miserable a result is possible. The possibility must plead an excuse for the earnestness of my warning.

Clear, then, is it that you are now in the crisis of your fate. "Whither am I going?" You are entering on a journey long, perilous, toilsome, and exhausting, and so ought to ponder the steps you set, lest you follow the wrong road. In truth only one alternative lies before you—pleasure with vice, or duty with struggle. Choose the former, and you are undone; choose the latter, and no harm can befal you.

2.—*I am seeking some good thing; something better than what I possess—such as improved pecuniary resources, improved condition in life; but all such seeking is futile except it is accompanied with improved character.*

If, then, you are disposed seriously to ask "Whither am I going?" you will readily receive an answer calculated to deepen the interest of the inquiry, and to increase your earnestness. And here it may be as well to begin with that which is probably foremost in your mind. Whither are you going? Into some improved condition. The nature of that condition, and the nature of that improvement, are in a measure hidden from me; but well do I know, because I am not altogether ignorant of the human heart, that you are thinking of, and striving for, improvement. Content with what you have, content with

what you are, you cannot be. *Semper in meliora*;—ever for something better, all men, and the young especially, long and strain ceaselessly. The impulse is as noble as it is incessant. The impulse is the great spring of our human good. Pity that such an impulse should ever drive men to ruin. Yet, if undirected, the impulse is dangerous, and if misdirected the impulse is fatal. How, then, is it with you? Is the improvement you contemplate a real or only an apparent improvement? The aim is good; what is the object? what is the motive? It is because you are capable of the aim, and because I think you cherish the aim, that I wish to address you on the subject. O, yes! I love to see the young striving to better themselves. A young man calmly and earnestly struggling with difficulties is one of the finest of sights; and never does such a struggle go unrewarded. Say he fails in his object; there is one thing in which he cannot fail, for every struggle brings its own reward in at least strength and elasticity of sinew. Defeat is often the surest path to victory.

But now, what is the nature of the improvement you seek? Better wages? larger salary? The object is proper, very proper; you would be no less blameworthy than unwise to remain content with the less when, all things considered, you had a right to the greater. Let me suppose your object gained; are you in truth better off? O, yes! I know you have now command over a larger share of the good things of life. Twenty shillings a week will bring out of the market more than ten. Your food is better, your clothing is better, but are *you* better off? That I suppose is the great question. Not what a man eats nor what a man wears settles that question, the great question. And better off you are not if you have taken any improper step to obtain the advantage; nor are you better off if your capacity of enjoyment is diminished. But diminished your capacity of enjoyment is if your better food and better

clothing dull your appetite; still more, if it deaden your moral sensibilities. Clearly there is something better in life than better food and better clothing. Have you lost your self-respect? have you tarnished your affections? does your animal enjoyment whet your sense of animal pleasure? does the gratification of your appetite make you self-indulgent? Loving self more, do you love others less? These evils have often ensued from the increase of men's pecuniary means. That they must ensue I do not affirm, but he is totally ignorant of himself and of the way of safety who does not know that in his own case they may come, and does not also fear their coming. Often the more men have the more they want, and the more they have the less they enjoy. True happiness is all but independent of external circumstances. The happiest men, and the best, that I have known had small, some very small incomes. There is not a greater folly—alas! that the folly should be so prevalent—there is not a greater folly than to suppose that increased means bring increased happiness.

But you have, you tell me, an object in view, a worthy object; you seek an improvement in circumstances, with a view to an improvement in your condition. In simple terms, you are thinking of wedlock? Here again your object has my cordial approbation. I am no friend to bachelorship. Speaking in general terms, I declare bachelorship unnatural, and contrary to God's will. As unnatural it is unprofitable. Good for neither body, heart, nor soul, it deprives a man and a woman of the highest educational discipline, and not seldom entails a manhood of vice, and an old age of debility and loneliness. Yes, your object is good. Often may women work out a noble character, and execute a great work apart from marriage, but never or rarely men. By all means cast in your lot with some pure-minded woman. She will do you good and not evil in every respect all the days of your life.

But do not commit the fatal mistake of identifying happiness with matrimony. "Married and miserable" is, in the present state of society, quite as possible as "married and happy." And "married and miserable" will describe your condition, unless you take into the married state something else and something better than enlarged pecuniary means. "Whither am I going?" If you are going into wedlock unprovided with good sense, good temper, a good disposition, good health and good principles, you and your intended partner are already pitiable, for assuredly you will soon be wretched. And objects of pity, too, will your children be. Sad, sad is the lot of children born of parents with whom life is an outward thing, and who are satisfied if they are able to gratify the palate, and please the eye, and stand well with the petty respectabilities of their neighbourhood.

And now that we have got thus far on in life's journey, we will in imagination make a leap, and place ourselves in the decline and decay of our human existence. "Whither am I going?" You are going on to old age. Nay, shrink not back at the word. That worn-out and shattered frame is yours—every faculty gone or going; that chill is yours, that helplessness, that worse than second childhood is yours. There you are broken down and cast aside, a burden to yourself and an avoidance to others; with no solace, no comfort, no hope—a shattered and shipwrecked hulk on the shore of a dark and frowning eternity. Thither are you going—no little child do I see take you by the hand and lead you to some sunny bank; you are bereft of companions, a bankrupt in friendship and a pauper in love. Why? Because you made the miserable mistake of relying on the outward in the days of your strength. Oh, do not point me to your substance; your title-deeds are mere parchment *to you*. Not what you have, but what you are, is now the question, the sole question. Is wealth a staff

to the palsied hand? Is luxury pleasure to the deadened palate? Your riches, already your bane, are now your annoyance, for they make your very children wish you gone. Oh, the infatuation of the generations of men! Untaught by the mistakes and follies of parents, children lust for the very destruction in which they see their fathers perish. There is nothing but disappointment in all mere temporal advantages. When God gave man a soul, He locked up in the casket the secret of human good.

3.—*I am going forward to the possession of personal qualities, and the entertainment of personal responsibilities, wherein lies the pith and marrow of my existence, and the very fountain of my life—that which makes me what I am, and so makes and keeps me happy or wretched.*

And so we are brought to contemplate the path we are treading in another point of view. Suppose that path strewed with diamonds, then every step we set, we should in gathering up the precious stones become so much the richer. So it is in our actual life-journey. Ever are we adding something to our stores. "Whither am I going?" To acquisitions without end. "Is this true?" It is true. Intellectually, morally, religiously I augment my possessions every day, every hour, every minute. The fact is universal. It is so with every man, for it is so with man as man. Here material riches and poverty come not into play. The poor man equally with the rich man adds ceaselessly to his store. The wallet fills no less than the strong and massive chest. Here too youth and age make little difference, only that the accumulations of youth go far to determine the nature of the accumulations of age. Any way, we are all and every one daily adding something to what we already call our own.

But what is our own? *properly*, what is our own? You

think of houses and lands, yet your ownership in them is but outward. Were I to declare it nominal, I should scarcely say too much. Surely that is not a man's own which he can never really appropriate, and his hold on which he may lose any day. One foot square of land is all that the owner of a province can really occupy, and the occupancy of that tiny portion is but temporary and uncertain. Our only true possessions are within our minds. What a man knows, what a man feels, what a man is—that, and that only, is a man's property. Property is that which is *proper* or peculiar to an individual. My property is that which I have apart from and independent of every other person. Accordingly my real possessions are my knowledge, my convictions, my affections. My whole inner nature is that which I possess, for it is that which makes me what I am. Here is the storehouse and here the store of the objects that in combination make up my substance, my very life. If I am rich in mind, I am truly rich; if poor, poor indeed I am. And so real, so solid, so enduring are these riches, that with them I turn material opulence to a good account if it come into my hands, and if not, I possess the secret of being happy without it. Never indeed can he be called poor who is rich in thought; but he is the pauper who, though he can count millions his own, has not a mind for self-government, nor a heart for self-enjoyment, nor a hand for generosity.

You will now apprehend my meaning, when I repeat that we are all daily and hourly adding to our possessions. Is it not so? We build our inner nature as the coral rocks are built. Bit by bit our inner life is deposited and formed, in some such manner as the sandstone rocks were deposited and formed under the waters of the primæval ocean. But here all ordinary figures of speech are insufficient. How or by what analogy describe the wonderful process by which thoughts,

affections, aims, and motives unite and harden into what we in each case call ourselves? Yes, this is the stuff of which our human life is made. These are the constituent elements of our real being. All the rest is but clothing, the shell, the husk; the body and the soul, the kernel of existence is our inner nature.

I say, then, in answer to the question—"Whither am I going?"—I am going onward to be that which the good man is, and which the bad man longs to be; I am going onward to possess the happiness of a seraph or the woe of a demon. In a word, I am going onward to personal responsibilities—to personal responsibilities the most numerous, weighty, and enduring. Those responsibilities, taken in union, are my own inner life. That life, whatever I make it, I must live. That life I must enjoy, or endure—as it may be—in all the sunshine of its delights, and in all the darkness of its woes; and equally in the many shades, degrees, and intermixtures of the two.

The responsibilities in question range themselves under three heads. There is the responsibility of thought, the responsibility of sentiment, and the responsibility of worship. The triple division is not arbitrary, but corresponds to the threefold aspect of our inner being.

I must abide the responsibilities of thought on toward which I am going. What are they? Freedom without licentiousness? or licentiousness which choaks true freedom? a scepticism which perverts the intellect, withers the affections, and nullifies the whole life? or a credulity which, obliterating the boundary lines of truth and falsity, makes the two practically the same? a love of knowledge solely for the sake of knowledge? or a love of knowledge for the riches it brings and the honours it commands? a determination to seek the good, the true, the beautiful, at every cost? or a proneness to surrender your *mental independence* at the summons of this assailant or that?

In thought your responsibility is to be noble or to to be mean; feel self-respect or self-content; to possess the strength of true manhood or to be weak, which the poet truly says, is "to be miserable, doing, or suffering." Whither are you going? To this lot or that? To one or the other, or to something similar we are all going, and have been going, from a very early age, and to the last we shall continue to be going. And on toward the end have we been propelled by the impulse of every exercise of thought. Never did you pretend to believe that which you did not believe, never did you stretch your conviction (or your professions) beyond the fair bearings of your evidence; never did you close your eyes to testimony, or knowingly colour its form or exaggerate its force; never did you palter with words in a double sense, or yield to authority that which you refused to conscience; but you did something to corrupt your mind, to falsify its conclusions, to darken its sight, and to enervate its powers. Take care lest you render healthy action on its part impossible. He that plays false with himself is rewarded with self-delusion first, and then with self-emasculation.

Then there is the responsibility of sentiment or emotion on toward which we are each going This is a wider field than even the field of thought, for which the thinkers are few, all men feel. And the field is more rank as well as more ample. Rich and lovely sometimes is the field; rich and lovely, like one of our own prolific vales in the time of late summer or early autumn. But rank like an Indian jungle may the field be, and truly do I fear that there are more rank than rich fields. Toward the one or the other you and I are advancing rapidly, ceaselessly, surely advancing. To which? In the one is life, in the other death:—which is ours? Here is a man whose conscience is as delicate as an angel's sensibility; there another man whose conscience is seared as with a hot iron. What

storms of passion in this breast, what placid repose in that! You are never happy but when you are making others happy; another's sole object of care is his own ignoble self. Here, too, every one must eat of the fruit of his doings. The true manna is that which God gives as the consequence of the exercise of our own affections. It is on his own heart that man subsists. Our inner lives are our daily bread.

The third responsibility is the most serious; in one sense it may be said to comprehend the rest. The responibility of worship is to the soul what light is to the atmosphere—its brilliancy, its salubrity, its vitality. Tell me how a man stands with God, and I will tell you how he stands with himself,—and not with himself only, but with the universe. After all, it is not so much what we think or even what we love, as what we worship, that determines our destiny. Worship is the strongest of our instincts. When men are too bad to worship God they worship the devil; one or the other all men worship. This is unavoidable. We have here no third course. You must and inevitably you will either give yourself to Jehovah or sell yourself to Satan, and on toward the one or the other are you going at this very moment,—to which? As the answer may be, whether for the evil or the good principle, so is it well or ill with you in every other respect. He that worships a lie falsifies his thought, and poisons the fountains of his sentiment. And so the three responsibilities concur and combine in one, bidding us each be careful even unto jealousy how we deal with religion. As corporeal harlotry makes the whole life unchaste, corrupt, and abominable, so does falseness in religion vitiate the entire man.

4.—*The conclusion is, that we are each going forward to good or to ill, just as we are under the control of sound principles, pure affections, and emphatically the worship of God—the central Sun of every true human life.*

"Whither am I going?"—to that good, or to this ill? One consideration gives the answer. Throughout the essay that consideration makes itself felt. The underlying thought is, that a man's real life is in his character, and that the formative influence of his character is his worship. What you think will affect your fate. What you feel will affect your fate. But chiefly does that fate depend on what you worship. Do you worship display? power? gold? Do you worship intellect? ability? position? Do you worship self? self the basest, yet the commonest of idols. In worshipping all or any of these, you worship the creature rather than the Creator, and pollute the very fountains of your life. But how different, how incomparably superior your reward if you worship God, and so worship all that is fair, and good, and lovely, and beautiful, and sublime in thought, in affection, in act! Then are you going constantly forward to a manhood of earnest striving and ceaselessly renewed success; to responsibilities rich with recompense; to domestic relations fraught with joys no less exquisite than pure; to social usefulness growing with each passing year, and possibly to civil functions honourable to yourself, beneficial to the commonwealth, and well-pleasing to God.

5.—*The good or ill to which I am going forward, runs on in an unbroken line from the present moment until "the great change," which introduces each person into the inner world of life everlasting.*

Finally, if I ask whither I am going, I am carried in thought beyond "the bounds of this diurnal sphere." And so, whether

I will or not, I cannot limit my future prospects to the present world. So strong is the elastic spring by which men are thrown forward into the world to come, that most religious teachers make considerations derived thence the beginning, the middle, and the end of their instructions and admonitions. "Live," they say, "with eternity in view, and you will live now wisely and profitably." This course I do not disapprove. And yet it appears to me that they somewhat unduly concentrate their efforts on the future. At any rate there is another view, and that view has its recommendations, especially in an age when, like the present, many have heard so much of the future, as to disregard not the future merely, but also the present. Therefore has it in this essay been my aim to awaken your interest in the present. In the distaste, alas, too general! for eternal realities, I find my justification. The present is certainly that which first demands your attention, if only because the future is but a projection and a prolongation of the present. He that is religious now is likely to remain religious always. There is a continuity in our human life. The river of time stops not until it flows into the ocean of eternity. Our great concern is with the now, for eternity is but the ever-present now. If the now is duly cared for, the then may be left to care for itself. Or to speak more religiously without speaking less truly, God will take care of the future, if man will take care of the present. Be now in the way of duty, and God will ever keep you under the shadow of his wings. A wise and religious use of the world is the best, if not the only effectual way to prepare for the world to come. I make small account of the virtue which must be bribed into existence by the hope of future bliss, or driven into existence by the dread of future woe. Love virtue for its own sake. Serve God for nought. Obey the Supreme Good because you ought to obey the Supreme Good.

Obey this instant, and you will thereby gain power to render a fuller obedience the next. Commit not the folly of fancying that human life is divided into intervals, and that the future is separated from the present by a great gulph. There are no breaks in Providence as there are no gaps in time. Man's life, like God's activity, is a continuing and ever-flowing stream. Our threescore years and ten are only months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, repeated seventy times. The sum is made up of its several parts. If I am asked what is the nature of the sum, I point you in answer to its several constituent moments. My eternal condition is but the compound of my present qualities. What I shall be then depends on what I am now.

My remarks imply that an eternity of existence is before me. "Whither am I going?" Into another state of being. The path which I tread is without termination. This I am assured of by prophetic voices in my heart, which I cannot quench if I would, and would not quench if I could. A belief in the perpetuity of our being is one of the deepest and most widely-spread assurances of our nature. If there is one sentiment that is universal in the human family, it is the instinctive faith in our immortality. Ever does man's heart throw itself forward into the future. "Onward! onward!" is its ceaseless cry. Even in the decays of age it still presses forward, and the last accents of sinking nature whisper to weeping friends, "We shall meet again." With me the voice of nature is the voice of God. He who gave me life tells me in these inner utterances that the life he gave he still continues, and will continue after the change which men call death, but which in truth is but a process of transition. The soul will emerge from this vile body, and spread its wings and take its joyous flight in a freer air and sunnier skies.

See, then, how grand and solemn a thing human life is! What issues does it involve! What a rich cargo does every

mind carry in itself! How careful and circumspect ought we each to be lest we do any damage either to others or ourselves! Who is sufficient for these things? Man's sole sufficiency comes from the merciful benignity and almighty power of the Sovereign Good, who is the ruler of the universe, and the Father of our spirits.

"WHAT ARE MY WANTS?"

1. The subject explained;—wants are universal, yet the deepest wants are felt least.
2. You have intellectual wants—such as want of general knowledge, and want of light regarding great religious questions, and specially the method by which you may obtain satisfaction of mind.
3. You want rest of heart, harmony, power, because you want purity; the want of purity illustrated and proved; its essence is selfishness, the reduction of which is the only way to obtain satisfaction of heart, and secure the highest good.

1.—*The subject explained;—wants are universal, yet the deepest wants are felt least.*

"What are my wants?" The question implies that I have wants. The question moreover implies that I have at least a dull sense of want. Further, the question implies that I am in a measure aroused to inquire into my actual condition.

The question implies that I have wants. Who has not? Wants of some kind or another are universal. Nearly universal, too, is a dull sense of want. Less common is an inquiry touching the actual condition. Yet such an inquiry is the first step in the upward life. He that has no wants and no sense of

want has no wishes, and to be without wishes is to be without strivings. To lack all things, and to be content, is the veriest pauperism. Until our hearts are touched with a vivid and an active sense of want, we are in a hopeless condition—blind without knowing it, naked yet not ashamed.

I may be told that such insensibility is rare, and rare I believe such insensibility is, if taken in its fullest import. But not rare is a less degree of insensibility. No, I am not thinking of insensibility to material interests. To objects of sense the young—and the aged too—are keenly alive. Only too eager are we in the pursuit of gain, of pleasure, of honour. Self is an idol at whose shrine myriads lay down their choicest treasures every hour of every day of every year. See what crowds are pressing forward to the temple of Mammon. Oh, no! there is no occasion to quicken their sense of want. "What are my wants?" did you ask? I want to be rich; I want to be great; I want to be powerful; I want the homage of my fellows; or at least I want to mend my situation; I want a little more than I have; I want to rise in society.

Yes; such wants are common enough, and vivid enough, and impulsive enough. No stimulus do they need. But such are not the wants to which I refer. And yet such wants bring with them their lesson. For what is the result? Either they are satisfied, or they are not satisfied. Say they are satisfied—then your heart is bought over to sense, and the slave of sense you become. Say they are not satisfied—then you spend your strength for nought, and passing life in hunting after shadows, end it in emptiness and sorrow. But there is here a third supposition, for the pursuit of material good may be ever so successful, without bringing satisfaction. Probably the greater the success, the less the satisfaction. The want becomes a craving, the craving becomes a thirst, the thirst becomes a fever, and the fever ever burning more intensely, burns as long

as the fuel of life remains. "I should like," said the curate, "to become a vicar." "And what then?" asked a friend. "Why, then I would press on to be an archdeacon." "What then?" "Then I would strive for a deanery." "What then?" "Then I might aspire to a bishopric." "What then?" "Then, who knows but a cardinal's hat would be within my reach." "What then?" "Then possibly I might even rise to be the pope." "What then?" "Then—well then, I should, I think, be happy." "You do well to express yourself with hesitation, for he who cannot be happy as a curate, will never be happy as the pope. Desire is a great and fathomless gulph, of such a kind that the more you toss into it, the wider it yawns for more. Material wants are insatiable."

Not only are material wants insatiable, they are imperious; they seize and possess man like a demon; they make us their prey. They are not only imperious, they are tyrannical; they bend us to their will as the ship is turned by the helm; they exact blind obedience; they coerce conscience; they efface all moral distinctions, rather than be foiled. If you are the slave of material wants, you are in the bosom of a torrent which is bearing you away to the gulph of perdition. Even the ordinary and moderate service of material wants is unattended with satisfaction. That service in itself can in no way bring peace. There is indeed a pleasure—a pleasure in which I have full sympathy—in the consciousness of the labouring man when at the end of the day he sits down by his humble fireside and feels that he has honestly and faithfully performed his allotted task, and may retire to his bed without a reproachful thought. There is a pleasure in the feelings of the industrious and thrifty young wife, who, with her sweet smiling face and busy hands, prepares her husband's evening meal, setting the clean table near the bright hearth, and covering it with the homely but salubrious fare, meanwhile casting a mother's glance

on the sleeping infant in the cradle, and saying to herself (yet meaning the opposite of what she says) she hopes the good man will not, as he did last evening, wake the little darling with his kisses.

These and other domestic scenes are pleasurable; pleasurable are they, and honourable too. It is a father's first duty to provide for the material wants of his family. It is a mother's first duty, whether her lot be cast in humble or high life, to order and govern her home with care and forethought. Martha's housewifery is too valuable to be disparaged, even if "Mary has chosen the better part." Nevertheless, in these scenes material good is eclipsed by moral good. The light of that cottage comes from that father's virtuous industry and that mother's cheerful love. Not in materialism, but in practical religion, is the happiness of that couple grounded. Yes, other wants than material wants have they felt. Their material wants made them feel moral wants. Wanting a home, they wanted also those things which make a home. And wanting some at least of the conveniences and comforts of civilised life, they were frugal, sparing, self denying; and out of their savings they furnished their cottage, and so began their wedded life with a small store. That small store was good, but better were the moral sentiments which led to its acquisition, and better still the moral wants to which that acquisition gave birth, and which those moral sentiments fostered, raised, and expanded. This worthy pair had at least some sense of the true wants of life, and under the promptings of that sense might grow up to the full standard of perfect manhood. Would that a similar sense of want were universal. Would that all felt that there are other wants than those of the body. Until such a feeling arises there is no hope of progress. Our moral wants are our real wants. Our moral wants are our deepest wants. Were our moral wants satisfied we should

not know what want is. Until our moral wants are satisfied there is no peace. Yet these our moral wants, though they regard the essence of our life and the springs of our happiness, are either totally disregarded, or slightly and superficially passed over. I warn all, especially the young, against the error. If you are sunk in sense you are lost to all good. If you yield to sense you are in constant peril. Never presume to utter a judgment in religion if you are the slave of sense. Between you and religion there is a wide gulph. The service of sense incapacitates a man for the service of religion. He that has given himself to sense has forfeited his noblest birthright, for he has forfeited his power to appreciate the good, the fair, the lovely, and the true. In this miserable condition are thousands of the young men of England. In this hard and crushing bondage they pine, suffer, and perish What shall bid those dead bones live? Life can they receive only from the impulse of God's own quickening spirit. May the needful aid be given! To others not innocent indeed, yet not depraved, I may possibly utter a word or two which may call forth a response in their own minds.

2.—*You have intellectual wants—such as want of light regarding great religious questions, and specially the method by which you may obtain satisfaction of mind.*

You ask, "What are my wants?" Whether you ask yourself or ask another, the asking is a good sign. But if you ask another, let it be only that you may the more intelligently and earnestly ask yourself. Self-study is the most efficacious for either self-instruction or self-reform. What, then, I am now about to say to you is said in the hope that the words may prompt you to become an earnest and constant student of yourself.

Now, if you turn your eye within, you will probably be

struck with a sense of intellectual want. You want knowledge. You want knowledge of material objects, and knowledge and skill in the practical arts of life. I advise you to do your utmost to supply these wants. If necessary, deny yourself ordinary pleasures and enjoyments in order to supply these wants. The degree in which a young man devotes himself to intellectual culture is no bad token of his character, and no bad omen of his future career. General knowledge is an essential condition of self-elevation and enlarged usefulness. Look around you and say if the persons who are entitled to respect do not, for the most part, owe their superiority to personal culture. In general knowledge our literary men have found the basis of their reputation. The great lights of science are indebted for their distinction to general knowledge. Fancy not that eminence is the product of chance. "Luck," a divinity for whose gifts so many pray and wait, has its hands full only of disappointment and vexation. Good fortune rewards none but the well-prepared. He that is ready for success, commands success. Men make discoveries, because they are acquainted alike with the known and the unknown in the several branches of knowledge, and because placing themselves on the line which divides the two, they have eyes to observe facts, and minds to estimate their bearing. Conscious of being uninformed or ill-informed, endure the disqualification no longer.

Nor plead a want of the means of instruction. In our large cities the means of instruction abound even to superfluity. Not schools but scholars are required. Libraries and Institutions, accessible to all, stand with open doors, lacking only a greater number of students. Then how rich and varied is our popular literature! A few shillings will now purchase all that is requisite for the acquirement of almost any branch of useful knowledge. Your own fault it is if, being ignorant, you remain ignorant. Scarcely is there a hamlet in Great Britain

where the means of general knowledge have not more or less penetrated.

Earnestly do I advise you to pursue knowledge. If never before, now at least begin the pursuit. Choose one branch—only one—and keep to that one branch until you have in some degree mastered its contents. Go not from branch to branch. If you attempt to study several branches at the first, you will never acquire a solid knowledge of any. Change of study is only for the proficient.

And cultivate knowledge for itself,—for its own rich and durable rewards. Take not the mercantile spirit into the pursuits of knowledge. In the pursuits of knowledge, never calculate your gains by pounds, shillings, and pence. Knowledge is its own recompense. That recompense knowledge never bestows in full, except on those who in the quest are actuated by a pure love, as well as an earnest desire. At the present hour the mercenary spirit has far too much play in the pursuits of knowledge. Not what they may learn, but what they may gain, is the great question with the bulk. Money-making is the aim in our Mechanics' Institutions, as well as in our schools and colleges. Hence a low level alike of instruction and acquirement. And hence the demand falls short of the supply. Knowledge flourishes only where it is cultivated because it is knowledge.

There is indeed one additional aim which the student may beneficially entertain. Knowledge may be sought for the discipline which it gives, as well as the information which it bestows. The discipline which knowledge bestows is self-culture. Self-culture is one of the highest, if it is not the highest, of the rewards of knowledge. The condition of the knowing faculty is at least equally important with the thing known. He whose mind is well disciplined is fit for any useful pursuit in the arts and duties of practical life, and he only can

properly be accounted a man who has all his faculties in a state of high, well-proportioned, and harmonious culture.

If, therefore, the opportunity serves, cultivate general knowledge in its several branches. Beginning with one branch you may pass on to another, when you have made some good proficiency. Why should a humble position bar you out from any department of knowledge? and if your means are affluent, how can a young man employ his wealth better than in pursuits which, guarding him from the perils of opulence, strengthen, refine, and dignify his character? Nor suppose that the Universal Father looks with any but an approving eye on those, whatever their age or station, who endeavour to make themselves familiar with his marvellous works. Whether those works are veiled or unveiled, they are there, placed there by his own hand, to be seen and understood by his intelligent creatures. For this purpose he has given you eyes to see, and minds to apprehend, and hearts to admire. You do not traverse but fulfil his wise and benevolent designs, when you study the phenomena of his universe. It is an error of man's childhood to suppose that there are parts in that universe into which it is impious to attempt to penetrate. As God's child, you are free of God's whole mansion. It is only the incurious, the indifferent, and the sluggish among men that God disapproves. God loves those who employ their faculties for the purposes for which he gave them.

There is, however, one branch of knowledge which you cannot neglect except to your own most serious harm. It is a branch little cultivated, yet of the highest importance. Strange that while men seek to know everything outward, they should turn their attention inward seldom, sparingly, or not at all. Our inner nature is our first concern, and ought to be our chief study. You want knowledge then of a deeper kind, knowledge affecting your origin, duty, and

destiny. "What am I?" you ask; and "whence?" and "why?" Some aid I have already endeavoured to supply. That aid you will be able to profit by if you use it in the proper spirit. Accept it simply as a free-will offering of assistance. Given in a spirit of sympathy, it should be received in a spirit of teachableness. It is not intended to prescribe your creed, but simply to stimulate your mind, and direct your inquiries. Coercion of every kind I disclaim; coercion of every kind I advise you to repel. Guard, jealously guard your mental freedom. Mental freedom is the condition of all true knowledge and all sound faith. In the exercise of full and unrestricted liberty, approach the great questions on which you want light with a firm and manly, yet a reverent tread. If the associations of your earlier days are in your way, mildly bid them stand aside. If priests attempt to deter you by appealing to your fears or your interests, quietly disregard the endeavour, and pursue your course. If philosophy tries to allure you by high sounding pretensions, and the authority of great names, only lend a more attentive ear to the invitations of truth, and resolve to own no master but the sovereign within your breast. With an undazzled eye, with a fearless heart, and an unfaltering and constant step, press on toward the temple of knowledge. Let that be your goal. From that goal turn not aside, short of that goal stop not of your own accord. Then great will be your reward; all that you may wish to know you may not learn, but undoubtedly you will learn much, and that much you will so learn as to acquire thereby the power of learning more with only the limits that hedge in mortal striving. What you will learn I will not attempt to define, adding on that point only this, that the purer your motive, the more entirely single your aim, the more earnest your determination, the nearer you will approach to truth.

I have recommended to you self-study as the pathway to knowledge. By that recommendation you now know that I do not exclude other means of information. In our earliest days other means are almost the only available means. Our parents are our first instructors. When they are intelligent, our parents are our best instructors. Books too are a storehouse of useful instruction. Good books are invaluable. The great classics of the world are the world's best thoughts in the best language. Of all outer things the most instructive is the universe. I am tempted to say that, for impressive instruction, the universe surpasses even parental influence. Any way, all these sources of light are welcomed by the wise. Nevertheless self-study is the pathway to knowledge. By self-study only can you become acquainted with the grounds of knowledge. True culture is not a mass of particulars, nor a ready apprehension, nor a retentive memory, nor dexterity in debate. True culture is the culture that is grounded in self-conscious and self-approving intelligence. He is the educated man who, having his faculties well disciplined and duly harmonised, knows and is satisfied with the intellectual basis on which he stands, and on which his higher life is built. That knowledge and that satisfaction can be obtained only by self-study. Self-study has led me to self-reliance, as involving a reliance on God. You it may lead to self-distrust, and so lead you to throw yourself on some outward authority. Such a conclusion seems to me suicidal, for the mind which you now declare to be unreliable, you a moment before treat as trustworthy; you declare your mind sound to authorise distrust in itself, and so declare your mind sound and unsound, trustworthy and untrustworthy, at the same time. Such conduct seems to me self-contradictory; nevertheless if you are led to it by self-study, self-study is still to be commended, for obviously self-study is the only way in which a self-conscious being can be self-guided, whether *mediately* or immediately.

But I have another reason for recommending self-study. Our self-knowledge has been given us of God as our self-instructor. God makes himself known to man. The human mind is God's mirror. God is seen in the human mind as my face is seen by myself when I look into still waters. But to see God in the mind is to see there duty and destiny as well. By self-study, then, you may learn those things which it most concerns you to know. On that account do I recommend self-study.

In doing so I do not wish to deter you from the study of the Bible. The Bible I value beyond all price. The Bible has been for many centuries, is, and will remain, the great religious instructor of the world. But will the Bible instruct less effectually because self-study is found to teach the grand verities which constitute its substance? Are two voices, two concurrent voices, in favour of religion one too many? If you prefer this one of the two, why should I be forbidden to prefer the other? And if we are both allowed to follow our bias unhindered, is it not likely that at last we shall both agree in our love and our admiration—you to love and admire the Bible and self-study, and I to love and admire self-study and the Bible? However, if God has prepared two ways leading to himself, who is he that has the authority to stop this one or that one? The two roads are made by the hand of God; do you take which you please, and give me the same option. If left free from human coercion, you equally with myself will, in all probability, seek God's will, no less in the Bible than in self-study and the study of the universe.

If, however, self-study is God's own instructor in the human heart, and if among its earliest lessons it reveals to us God himself, then must self-study be not only reliable but tranquilising. Under its guidance, you are under the guidance of God. God himself is the light of every God-seeking mind.

With God for our guide we cannot err. Only be on your guard against sources of deception. Guard against the allurements and the false light of your passions. Tolerate in your heart no altar to the idol self. God can lead you to nothing contrary to your own higher law. All the impulses of vanity, arrogance, disdain, and vindictiveness, are not of God, but of your lower nature. These you must withstand and overcome ere God can rule in your soul; but when once his kingdom is established there, then do you possess as full certainty of knowledge, so full satisfaction of mind.

3.—*You want rest of heart, harmony, power, because you want purity; the want of purity illustrated and proved; its essence is selfishness, the reduction of which is the only way to obtain satisfaction of heart, and secure the general good.*

Self-knowledge leads to the knowledge of God. Without some knowledge of God self-knowledge is rudimental and inefficient. The true discipline of life does not begin until a recognition of God has opened the eye of our higher nature, and made us aware of its antagonism with the impulses of our lower nature. Man is a two-fold being. There are in every man two laws or two powers, the power of good and the power of evil. Neither into the origin nor the history of the two powers do I intend to enter here. I will only say on the point that primarily no power and no function of the human being is evil. God's work in man is good, good throughout. The good becomes evil only by perversion. And the source of the evil is man's will. This is deep enough for our present purpose. I do not write a system of metaphysics, but simply appeal to consciousness, the consciousness of those who are in or near their majority. To such I appeal for the truth of what I say, when I declare that there is a law in our members as well as a law in our mind, and that the one power strives against the other. The higher

will not go into bondage to the lower, nor will the lower cease to aspire to ascendancy over the higher. The mind, as if conscious of its divine authority and essential supremacy, assails and withstands the assumptions of the passions, while the passions on their side employ force or flattery or fraud in order to gain the sovereignty. The struggle is fearful. In the first flush of manhood the struggle is very fearful. I feel for those who are engaged therein. May they be sustained by the Source of all good, so as to come off "more than conquerors."

Yet, though I feel for them, I cannot pity them. Rather do I commend all who struggle against evil. The very fierceness of the struggle increases my admiration. That fierceness is the measure of your resistance, brave children of God. Go on to fight the good fight heroically. Foot to foot, hand to hand, blow for blow, limb with limb, struggle against the monster that would destroy you in its coils. Not you are to be pitied, but those who surrender to evil without a blow, those who pine away in the debilitating embraces of sense, who have lost their manhood in losing their moral freedom.

This struggle, in one shape or another, lasts as long as life lasts. Yet, when once the antagonist has been fairly thrown on the earth, the conflict loses its fearfulness, and defeat becoming ever easier, ends in final and complete victory. But in the first outburst of the passions, the collision is not only terrible but perilous. Here is the crisis of a man's life. On the first fall all depends. If evil is thrown, good gains an easy triumph; but what if good is thrown? The young man who pollutes himself on his quitting the period of youth, parts with a purity he can never regain, and strips himself of power and self-respect, hardly if ever to be recovered. But if you would see the evil in all its magnitude and terror, cast your eye on that young woman who has left the paths of virtue. Scarcely

has she entered womanhood, yet she is an adept in the arts of destruction, and viler than any animal that crawls on the earth. Woe is in her heart, and desolation is around her footsteps, and ruin is her end Her smile is a lure, her words are lies, her touch is defilement, her embrace is death.

The struggle, in its ordinary condition, proceeds with less painful results. That struggle is going on in every reader. In consequence there are certain wants of which every one is more or less vividly conscious. *You* are conscious of a want of internal peace. You are restless, ill at ease. Your heart is disquieted. Like an invalid suffering under a fever, you toss about, throwing yourself now on this side, now on that, ever seeking, but never finding the desired rest. In another person the disorder shows itself by a want of harmony. This faculty is too strong, that faculty is too weak. The impulses, instead of tending to a common centre, run one against the other. Hence, a jar in the mind. Now one power is in the ascendant, now another. There is no supreme authority. To-day the mind is the master, to-morrow the senses hold the reins.

The consequence of this discord is a want of power. You are conscious of a want of power. You will, but cannot perform. The act halts behind the word of command. Often it is only a wish to which your higher nature can ascend, it may be a faint and transient wish. When you are suffering from your folly or your vice, you wish you had been wiser and stronger. When your harsh word has given pain, you wish you may be more guarded in future. When your neglect of duty has lost you your means of subsistence, you wish for greater self-control. Do you gain the object of your wish? Often not, often not at all. With the bulk life is spent in thus playing at virtue. At the best the wish of to-day is the regret of to-morrow; the regret is as fruitless as the wish, and so fruitless regrets and fruitless wishes make up a fruitless life.

This want of rest, this want of harmony, this want of power, have their source in a deeper want, the want of purity, the want of moral purity. Did I not wish to avoid theological terms in these observations, I should say that sin was the cause of your disorder and infirmity. But look at the matter in the light of common sense. You know you are not pure. Neither in act, thought, nor motive are you pure. If you know not this, you know nothing. If self-study has not taught you this, it has grossly deceived you. Be not mistaken here. The eye of the mind may lose the faculty of vision, no less than the eye of the body. The passions first dull and then put out our inner sense of sight. But for the resources of self-deception evil would be powerless. Against those resources you must be on your guard, if you are to work out for yourself a high and noble character. Excuse me, then, if I repeat my statement that you are not pure. And if the inner testimony respond not to the statement, advert to the outer act. In the outer act self-deception is not so easy. If you have committed self-pollution, you are not pure. If you have polluted another while you polluted yourself, you are not pure. If you have requited harshness by harshness, you are not pure. If you have borne false witness against your neighbour, you are not pure.

But, in brief, what are all these but forms of selfism? Selfism is the very essence of impurity. Man was made for man, not for self. He who lives for self is no man. True manhood comes not into existence under the narrowing, perverting, and defiling agencies of self-service. We must live for and in others if we would live purely. No one can live purely who does not live according to the laws of his higher nature. Of those laws none more imperative than the law of reciprocity. In virtue no man can take who has not given. Without giving, there is no virtuous taki[redacted]ove and

social love are only forms of the same affection. Disown social love, and true self-love cannot be yours. Every attempt of the selfish to concentrate their all within the scarcely visible point of their own self, is as foolish as it is wrong. The only result is concentrated littleness. The thoroughly selfish man dwarfs his faculties, until they shrink away and are lost from sight.

Yet, how much selfishness is there in the world! So much selfishness—so much impurity. See how selfishness tarnishes with its hot breath the otherwise pure and bright surface of domestic life. Selfish children contend with each other for gratification like little beasts of prey. Selfish parents are ever at war; selfish servants keep the house in confusion. Even in business, where the rule is to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets, self, if not restrained and softened, sets all wrong. The merchant who constantly studied to serve himself would bring himself to ruin. Self never yet had or made a good partner or a good servant, and the servant who thinks of serving himself rather than doing his duty is worthless if he is not vile. From the impurities of selfishness who is free? No disingenuous young person will pretend to be free from the impurities of selfishness. You do, then, want purity. But call to mind the effects of selfishness, and then say if in wanting purity you do not want power, harmony, repose? Were selfishness banished from the world, the world would be at peace. A heart cleansed of selfishness is a heart at rest, and a heart at rest is a heart whose faculties work in harmony, and a heart whose faculties work in harmony is a heart no less full of power than full of joy.

I may, I am sure, appeal to the consciousness of at least some of my readers. I know that you are consciously uneasy and unhappy. I know that you feel and deplore that you are living below your ordinary state of mind, and far below your ideal. I know that you are sometimes moved to tears when

you are reminded by the tenderness of a parent or the loving-ness of a younger sister, how unfaithful you have been, not only to your opportunities, but to your own acknowledged law, your own sense of duty, your own voluntary engagement, your own deliberate determination. You know your disorder; equally do you know its cause, and painfully do you observe its effects. Your perceptions may not be sufficiently vivid, but they are real, and as real they may prove the basis as of sorrow so of newness of life. May your feelings become more vivid and more operative! Fear not to give them full scope. There is little danger in a world like this, of our moral apprehensions becoming too lively or too powerful. The real danger is that you may become insensible to moral distinctions and moral claims; that you may become self-satisfied; that you may become elated, assuming, arrogant. But *you*, I trust, are safe against these evils. Would that others felt what you feel! Would that they were awakened to a sense of their real wants! Their want of purity, their want of harmony, their want of power is the cause of their want of peace, and what want equal to the want of peace? Without repose of heart what is life worth? I wish you distinctly to apprehend whence repose of heart can come. Selfishness we have seen is its destroyer. Destroy selfishness, then, and you obtain repose of heart. Self-sacrifice is the way of peace. You must forget self if you would be happy. You must subdue self if you would have your happiness rest on a broad and deep foundation. Self subdued, all the higher faculties come forth in their native sweetness, harmony, and efficiency, and fill the soul with dulcet melodies, and grand symphonies, and swelling and triumphal choruses. Self-sacrifice is the peace of the soul and the peace of the world.

One word now before we part from the subject—one word of earnest reflection. To say that you have wants is the merest truism. Your wants are numerous and varied. Were you, at

this moment, to make out a list of your wants, would religion be mentioned therein? And if mentioned, what place would it hold? Now, think, and say what place it ought to hold. Is not religion the central power of every good, every happy, every great life? A life without religion is like the universe without the sun. Go back and survey the train of thought in which we have been engaged, and then determine for yourself what place religion ought to hold in the statement of your wants. What want can be equal to the want of a self-poised and harmonious heart? And how can the blessing be obtained without religion? If God is not at the centre of our inner being we have no resting-place, no source of internal harmony, no true and durable power, no pure light, no sure hope. God is to our spiritual nature what the heart is to our animal nature. He is its vitality, strength, vigour, and joy. Therefore do I entreat you to ask yourself how you stand in regard to God. What is your religious condition? Let this question be solemnly resolved in your own secret thought. On this point you must not permit yourself to be in the wrong. Better than to be deceived here were it that you lost all you possess and renounced all you hope for. Right here you are right everywhere. Safe here you can come to no real harm.

"WHO WILL GIVE ME AID?"

1. The question and the aid characterised;—mutual aid man's right and duty as a social being.
2. The aid needed is the aid of some great life which, as such, is the embodiment of the principles and affections native to the human mind.
3. The great life that is needed is bestowed on the world in Jesus Christ, who unites in himself the sum of God's goodness and the sum of man's requirements, and in so doing is fitted to be the Saviour of the world.
4. Summary and Exhortation.

1.—*The question and the aid characterised;—mutual aid man's right and duty as a social being.*

A sense of want is not always found in young persons, but instead a sense of self-sufficiency. Indeed a sense of self-sufficiency is generally found where there is least reason for its existence. Those who have long and varied experience of life, while most able to stand alone are least self-satisfied, and most ready to welcome aid wheresoever they may find it. I invite you to encourage this desire for assistance. Not that you should adopt opinions, or live on borrowed resources. Your life, if it is to answer the purposes for which the higher life is

given, must be self-evolved and self-sustained. As for the body so for the mind, every one must earn his own bread. Mental pauperism is too common to find any countenance in these pages. Nevertheless aid is desirable, and should be equally sought and afforded; only let the aid be given in a brotherly spirit, and used in a spirit of worthy independence. Then is a brother's aid beneficial when it is sought trustingly, accepted thankfully, and employed wisely. And how wisely? For counsel not for law; for meditation not for adoption; in a docile not a slavish spirit. Every true thought is good for others as well as the thinker, if only because, coming from a human mind, it must contain human impulse and nutriment. In every genuine affection and utterance of the human heart the wisest may find wisdom, and the strongest strength. There is no aspect of our common nature from which light may not be extracted by those who possess the requisite skill. By all means, therefore, look to others as well as study yourself. Study yourself in others, and study others for the benefit of yourself.

The advice may be urged on your acceptance, the rather because it is not an insulated but a social life you are placed here to live. Mere individualism is a simple impossibility. You are born a member of a community In a community your first breath was drawn, and in a community your last sigh will be breathed. And of that community all the parts are interlaced together so closely, as to form integral parts of one great whole. So woven the one into the other are those parts that reciprocal influence is unavoidable. For good or for ill, or rather for both good and ill, men affect, greatly and lastingly affect each other's condition. So much do we affect each other's condition, as to go far to determine each other's destiny. My lot is involved in your lot, and your lot is involved in mine. If I would, I cannot live without you, nor can any effort of

yours enable you to live without me. Thus circumstanced, we are compelled to exert a reciprocal influence the one on the other. Is it not right that such influence should be the object of care and the result of deliberation? Ought I not to weigh the influence I exert on you, and ought you not to weigh the influence you exert on me? Subject to your influence as a matter of necessity, have I not the right to ask that the influence may be made profitable to me, and are you not bound to see to it that the influence is not baneful? And if your life is socially bound up with mine, can I deny you the privilege of seeking such aid from me as may make what I am and what I do advantageous to us both? In truth I am required to aid you, if only that I may serve myself. An enlightened selfishness suffices to establish the claims of mutual aid. Here is a child sick with a contagious and deadly fever;—I will aid to restore it to health, if only to protect my own family. I am surrounded by ignorant and vicious neighbours; in consequence my property is not safe, nor are my children's morals safe;—I will establish or support a school, lest I suffer injury in my dearest interests. "The strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," if only that they may remain strong. Reciprocal aid is the bond of social life. Without reciprocal aid society would fall in pieces. You have then a right to aid, because every man has a right to aid. The right is common. Common also is the duty. The aid you need I am bound to supply, if a supply is in my power.

2.—*The aid needed is the aid of some great life, which, as such, is the embodiment of the principles and affections native to the human mind.*

Here is the reason why I am uttering these words. The value of these words may be small, but if they are the true utterances of my mind, they cannot be worthle[redacted]ing

profited by others' teachings, I feel bound to speak to any who directly or indirectly ask my aid.

And now let us consider what kind of aid you need, and what kind of aid will be acceptable and beneficial to you. You have with me been engaged in a process of self-study. During the inquiries you have learnt something of yourself, including your origin, your duty, and your destiny. The great result of your studies has been the recognition of God as your Creator and Father, and the acknowledgment of yourself as God's child and image. These are great verities. They are the verities which underlie and form the substratum of every pure and noble life. If these verities are really yours, happy are you. I account myself happy because I believe that I possess these verities. These verities are the more precious because they enfold in themselves other great and fundamental truths pertaining to man's moral and spiritual nature. It is not my present intention to bring forth these truths and place them under your eyes, because the process would be somewhat abstruse, and because I think you need something different from any results of mere human speculation. What, then, do you need? I think I sum up all your needs when I say that you need a great life as the embodiment, the illustration, and the enforcement of these verities. Whether or not you admit that you need such a life, such a life could not fail to be very acceptable and very beneficial to you. It would be idle to employ words to establish such a proposition. Life begets life in spiritual no less than material things, and he who has experienced the benign influence of a good mother's life on his own, will, at once, confess that, of all things, a life of goodness is the most effectual teacher. Now, such a life must prove the more acceptable and the more beneficial, if the deductions we, in our joint studies, have been led to make, are a correct reading of the mind and heart of man. If such is happily the fact, then any

great human life that you may be led to contemplate will confirm and illustrate those deductions, while it may possibly give them a loftier and a wider bearing than they possess in themselves. You will thus find your thoughts and principles not only echoed from a living human reality, but carried to an ideal perfection, and so invested with fresh recommendations and superior attractions.

There is, however, one condition on which these advantages depend. The great life in question must run in the same line with the truths you have already received. Otherwise discord would be the result. And not only discord but contradiction would ensue. In the oppositions of that contradiction your confidence would perish. Which, you would ask, which of the two am I to follow? the deductions I have admitted or the life you now present? The one is contrary to the other—how do I know that either is trustworthy?

Thus scepticism is the inevitable result of all attempts to force on men a faith which disowns or defies the clear and simple intuitions of the human mind. False religion, or rather religion so called, is the prolific parent of scepticism. If any teacher of religion denies the soundness of our human intelligence, he cuts from under himself the very ground on which he stands. If any so-called revelation sets at nought the instinctive faiths of the human mind, it does its part to banish religion from the world. Suicidal are all religious efforts which take as their basis the depravity of the human mind, or attempt to enforce dogmas which contradict the laws of thought, or contravene the currents of natural feeling. If God really made man, and if God really speaks in the human mind, then that tenet or that system is not of God which requires for its reception the prostration of our intelligence. Two opposites cannot come from the one Infinite Mind. And as two opposites destroy each other, so revelation and reason, if they are in antagonism, leave man without light and without aid.

Revelation and reason, however, are not in antagonism, but in harmony. They are voices from the one everlasting spirit of truth. They are equally God's word. In accessaries the two differ, but in essence they are one. Reason is God's spirit implanted in man, and working under human conditions. Revelation is God's spirit communicated to man, and working under divine conditions. The former rises out of the natural workings of the human mind, the latter comes into the human mind from the overshadowing mind of God. There is a point where the two meet, and that one point may be found there where human excellence has risen to be at one with God's will. The contact may be partial or complete. If but partial the contact, being real, revelation ensues, and spiritual light, heat, and power are bestowed. Man's intelligence is impregnated with God's spirit. Such was the revelation which Abraham, Moses, David received. If the contact is complete, complete also is the revelation; the mind of God is interfused with the mind of man, and a perfect oneness of thought, love, and purpose is the result. Only one human being has risen to this altitude; I mean Jesus of Nazareth. His is the great life to which I tacitly referred.

3.—*The great life that is needed is bestowed on the world in Jesus Christ, who unites in himself the sum of God's goodness and the sum of man's requirements, and in so doing is fitted to be the Saviour of the world.*

In what I have said of reason and revelation, you see the grounds why the great life of Jesus of Nazareth may afford you the aid you want. Those grounds may be briefly expressed in the statement that Jesus is divine love and divine wisdom in a human being.

I premise that this statement is of a nature to avoid matters

of debate and doubtful issue. That Jesus is a great historical reality is no longer questioned by any person whose judgment deserves consideration. That the New Testament contains a reliable account of Jesus is equally indubitable. No less certain is it that Jesus, as portrayed in the New Testament, is possessed of transcendent excellence. The life of Jesus, as depicted in the New Testament, is reflected, illustrated, and displayed in the history of the last eighteen centuries. In certain distinguished disciples of Jesus,—for instance, John, Peter, Paul, some of the primitive and some of the later martyrs; also Augustin, Luther, Fenelon, Howard, Channing, with many others, the life of Jesus is exemplified,—its power shown forth,—its loveliness, its beauty, its majesty, its practical worth and undying vigour are exhibited in forms whose reality cannot be questioned, and whose charms touch every virtuous heart. Here believer and unbeliever, if only possessed of ordinary intelligence, knowledge, and impartiality, are of one mind. That Jesus is divine love and divine wisdom in a human being, all will admit. Exceptions may be taken to the form, but the substance of the statement will pass unquestioned. One man may declare that the epithet "divine" says too much, another may affirm that it says too little; but even here the difference is apparent rather than real, for all admit the surpassing excellence of the life of Christ. This is the sole point of importance. How that surpassing excellence can be so well expressed as by the epithet "divine," I know not. To me certainly it is divine, and therefore divine I call it. Too high does it stand to be denominated by any term applied to ordinary or extraordinary human excellence. The excellence of Jesus shews the imprint of Divinity not less than the glory of the skies or the fertility of the earth. The life of Jesus attests its own divinity. If man possesses in his mind

any apprehension of the divine,—if he has any marks or tokens of the divine in his own breast, he recognises and cannot but recognise the divine in Christ. What do we mean by the divine but goodness and power transcending all human proportions? The divine and the human do not deny and exclude each other; they are not separated by a great and insurpassable interval; they do not exist in two opposite spheres. The Bible no less than our own intelligence declares man God's child, and so teaches that man has some resemblance to God. Perfected humanity then is communicated divinity. Here philosophy and revelation utter the same word. In consequence the epithet "divine," as applied to Jesus, is justifiable. The epithet "divine" is indeed the only word that describes the grand reality. How else can you describe Jesus considered as sinless? That Jesus was sinless is a fact not only wrought into the very texture of his religion, the ideas of which it consists, and the aims which it proposes; but shown, proved, and illustrated in its power, in the influence it has exercised for many centuries, and the influence it is still exercising in men, women, and children of very different degrees of culture and unculture all over the world.

These are simple facts. One man may affirm that the sinlessness of Christ was absolute, while another affirms that it was comparative; both however maintain that it was real, and its reality is involved in its effects, so that you may as well deny that the sun has light and warmth and quickening power, as deny that Jesus is sinless. But who else is sinless? who else has ever been sinless? who else pretends to be sinless? for whom else is sinlessness claimed? Jesus alone is sinless. Tell me then how, except by the epithet "divine," Jesus, the sinless one, can be properly described?

With these explanations, let us in a few words review the qualities ascribed to Jesus in the summary I have given.

And first, Jesus is a human being. As a human being he is fitted to give you aid, for you are a human being. Here Jesus stands on the same level with you. He is your brother. In nature you and he are one. In mind and heart you and he are one. What you feel he felt. Your wants were his; your trials his; your temptations his. He went through all the drama of your human life—only that in his case the drama ends in scenes of trouble, woe, and terror. The life of Christ is a real human life. As such it is a pattern, and not only a pattern but an encouragement, a guide, and a help to every human being willing to be under its influence. Moreover the life of Christ is an ideal human life. It shows us our human life with all its best possibilities in full play, in harmonious action, and in utmost beauty. In Jesus you see your own nature perfected—its lower qualities not only subdued, but made tributary to the higher; its higher qualities absorbing and assimilating the former, while rising themselves into their native grandeur; like some noble oak, living in its strength and majesty at once on the juices of the earth, and the rains, dews, breezes, and sunshine of heaven. This grand ideal appeals with its congenial elements to the rudimental ideal of your own heart, and in the appeal transforms you into its own likeness. As the ideal man, made real in his own great life, Jesus offers aid no less effectual than welcome to every member of the human family.

But in the second place this aid comes from a divine source. That the aid is divine we have seen reason to hold. Let it be added, that as divine the aid is ever spoken of in the New Testament. As with one voice, all the utterances of Jesus refer his high qualities to God. So emphatic is the reference, that he denies that his high qualities and powers are his own. In his descriptions they are not human, but divi[illegible] Not from below but above are they. As divine the[illegible]

virtue. Being divine they are real, nay the reality of realities, the true real, the sole real good. In them, consequently, are centered spiritual light, truth, love and power. These are the perfect qualities, of which the outlines and shadows are in your mind. And these, consequently, are the very things you need for your aid. Mere human excellence, how great soever, could not meet and satisfy your wants. The yearning of your mind is after God. Of absolute good, indeed, you have no exact conception, and toward it you can feel no definite and glowing desire. It is a height to which you cannot ascend. But revealed perfection comes within the scope of your aspirations. As God in nature is your Creator, and God in Providence is your Creator recognised in his moral attributes, so God in Christ is your Heavenly Father, whom you can see, love, trust, adore, and obey. Here is light not too dazzling for your eye, yet bright enough and full enough for all your wants; here is love which your own love can interpret, appreciate, and welcome; and here is power the very measurelessness of which fits it to be the object of your unqualified and devout reliance. Thus God displaying himself in Christ, offers you all needful and all possible good. The offer has its highest recommendation in the fact that in Jesus the Divine goodness and human goodness meet together, and act in unison for the good of man.

Thirdly. In explaining the relations which Jesus bears on the one side to his Heavenly Father, and on the other side to his brethren of the human race, I have at least by implication set forth the love and wisdom which constitute his sublime life, and fit him to be the Saviour of the world. Yet a few words specifically bearing on these points seem desirable. And first to speak of the love of Jesus. The qualities of the love of Jesus are depth, richness, tenderness, and strength. In its essence the love of Jesus combined the affectionateness and grace of a woman's heart with the force and largeness of the

heart of man. Accordingly, he loved human beings in every form. He loved John with his glowing soul, and Mary with her gentle and trusting nature, and little children with their innocent confidingness. Impartial as well as comprehensive, the love of Christ embraced the beggar that lay on his path; the Samaritan woman, with her anti-Judaical antipathies; the Hebrew taxgatherer, with his Roman prepossessions; and the Pagan military officer, with his pride of rank, office, and nation. Thus did he show and image forth the love which, seated in the depth of his heart, made him live and die for the general good, for the good of man as man, for the good of man irrespectively of clime, colour, position, period, and age. Love such as this is universally acceptable, for it is universally needed. Here is the love which is specially fitted for, because specially welcome to, the young; for the young love what is great, generous, tender, and comprehensive. Here is love which, while in accord with all the pure affections of young hearts, offers to them a congenial object of attachment, a trustworthy object of reliance, and a source of strength, joy, and peace, ever the same, yet ever new.

Fourthly. The wisdom of Jesus no less than his love meets and satisfies our human wants. I place the wisdom after the love of Jesus, because his wisdom was the fruit of his love. All true and high spiritual insight is the gift of love. By loving God Jesus learnt to know God. In virtue of his love of God Jesus saw spiritual truth in the light of God's own mind. Accordingly he saw our human life in its true light. Seeing our human life in its true light, he saw it in its wondrous capabilities. Of these capabilities the power of never-ending progress was the centre and the essence. Therefore did he know and declare that man's was an endless life. To Jesus man was a deathless being. As a deathless being Jesus regarded man. I am not thinking now of what philosophers

call the immateriality or the immortality of the human soul. Jesus saw man not in the light of human systems, but in the light of creative wisdom and redeeming love. In God's view man is designed to live for ever. This view Jesus acknowledged in his own mind, acted on in his own conduct, and proclaimed to the world as the great burden of his soul. Need I say one word to illustrate how precious this truth, this truth of God, is to the human heart, especially to the heart of the young? I must, however, add, that the view is chiefly precious because it is wholly trustworthy. The view is not the result of human speculation, but the gift of God in his Son Jesus Christ. I have already called it the "Truth of God." It is God's truth, for it is man's destiny as seen in God's mind, and made known by God's messenger and representative.

But the truth is not revealed as a mere abstract fact. To some extent the nature and the manner are revealed as well as the fact itself. Man is a deathless being in virtue of his union with Jesus. Eternal life is the gift of God through God's loving-kindness and tender mercy, displayed and centered in the life of Jesus. Grafted into that vine by a living faith, made up of love and trust, the young and the aged, the rich and the poor, all men of all classes and conditions, the sinner no less than the saint, may receive the sap and the nutriment whose fruit is that spiritual life which, sharing in the life of Christ and the life of God, is not only undecaying and undying, but constantly and ceaselessly uufolding fresh energies, and putting forth new manifestations. Here the love of Jesus and the wisdom of Jesus combine in one grand redemptive act—remedial, restorative, quickening, and perfecting; the efficacy of which will be the salvation of the human race, and the unshared prevalence of the Divine Will. Thus Jesus appears before the world as the power of God as well as the wisdom and the love of God. And thus all who are willing to unite

themselves with Jesus by love and trust and active sympathy, may share in the immeasurable benefits he has to bestow.

Not least among those benefits is spiritual sanctity. We have been led to acknowledge moral impurity as a fact too obvious to be questioned, and too baneful to be endured. You and I are morally impure. Hence our peace is broken, and our power is curtailed. An antagonism arises hence, an antagonism as between opposing tendencies of our nature, and as between that nature and a Holy God. Aid for the removal of that antagonism all men need, nor least the young. If that antagonism is not removed, we are incapable of pure and lasting happiness, cannot act in unison with either the laws of the universe or our own higher laws, and may be in danger of sinking into moral depravity, which is wretchedness and ruin. Here however Jesus offers himself to our acceptance, as able to save. Being sinless himself, he can cleanse from sin. Possessed of divine love and wisdom, he is possessed also of the divine power which is their natural product. Baptised into Christ, the believer is purified from the stains of uncleanness, and renewed in the sanctity and power of his holy and spotless life. As purity produces purity, so the power of the Holy Father working in the sinless and perfect life of his wise and loving son, our brother, proves effectual to cleanse and sanctify the heart and life of man. But here again experience steps in to throw its clear, shining, and trustworthy light on the spiritual agencies of the Gospel. Undoubtedly Jesus, by his holy and loving life, has won thousands from sin, and filled them with his own sanctity, and presented them to his Father an offering without spot or blemish. It is the Christian's calling and the Christian's privilege to be, like his Saviour, free from sin. Entire freedom few, if any, attain in the present stage of their being; but they are a countless number who have rejoiced in that liberty of the sons of God which

consists in walking according to the law of the spirit of a holy life, of which the perfect type is in Jesus, their head, their strength, and their hope. Emancipated from the dominion of sin, they are freemen of the great spiritual commonwealth; they are sons in the one universal home; and, living obedient to the spirit of God by which they are led, they live also in harmony with the laws of the outer universe and the laws of that inner world into which they are entering now, and where hereafter, being citizens, they will ever go on to learn, to know, and to enjoy the height, depth, length, and breadth of the love of God in Jesus Christ his Son.

A prospect so full of good, and in extent unlimited, cannot fail to act with a purifying and ennobling efficacy on the heart of man. The prospect concurs with our deepest faiths, our most cherished loves, our brightest hopes. It unites the claims and the products of the present with the forces of the eternal state, combining the two into one great power, the office and tendency of which is not only to purify, but to refine, expand, and elevate. Here the sublime and touching life of Jesus acts with wondrous efficiency on human souls. Of that efficiency only the dawn has yet been seen in the world, for it has been hitherto withstood, and to a large extent countervailed by a leaven of Pagan and feudal influences, the true antichrist, which even yet divides the empire of man's soul with Jesus. Long still, it is to be feared, will the opposing power continue to work, hiding the glory of the Gospel from men's eyes, lowering the tone of our actual morality, perverting the Scripture, ignoring or positively disowning the claims of the spirit of Christ, as unfolded in the New Testament, and substituting for the true Gospel, a Gospel of force, vindictiveness, and partial salvation. But the hindrance will be removed, for God is omnipotent. The hindrance is even now diminishing. The *truth, the beauty,* the acceptableness, the efficacy of the life of

Christ, which is Christianity embodied, are daily more and more being seen, felt, and acknowledged; and as they win their way into human hearts, so will their empire extend, and the kingdom of God be established on earth.

4.—*Summary and Exhortation.*

The greatest blessing that God can confer on a family is the life of a good mother; on a community, the life of good and great men; on a nation, the life of a wise and beneficent ruler; on the world, the life of moral heroism. And what but a life of moral heroism is the life of Jesus? Only that it concentrates in itself all possible human excellencies, developed and carried upward till they become divine. Here, then, is the ground and reason why I present to the Young that life, in answer to the question, "Who will give me aid?" In Jesus you may find the very aid you want, and all the aid you can receive. Wrap up your own life in the life of Jesus. Cast yourself, my young friend, at his feet; lean on his bosom; hear and receive his words; follow his guidance; yield to his influence; receive his life into your life, and you have all that you need to make earth profitable and to ensure the blessedness of heaven. Then doubt will vanish, difficulty be removed, sin be overcome, and death be vanquished. To you and in you the power of evil will give way before the power of good, and in love, and trust, and peace of heart, you will run your race, and win your crown.

With these words my present addresses to you come to an end. I have endeavoured to show you "a more excellent way" than that which is pursued by the many. The way seems to me the more excellent because it is grounded in God's everlasting truth, as made known to you, first, in the native and inextinguishable notices, impulses, wants, desires, and aspirations of

your own hearts; and secondly, as revealed and exhibited in your elder brother, God's own well-beloved son, Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, and the Saviour of the world. The way seems to me the more excellent, because it is a safe and sure way, a way along which run all the instinctive movements of human kind, all the great lights of heaven, and all the grand tendencies of Providence. The way seems to me the more excellent, because its influences are all reasonable, beneficent, humanising, and ennobling; because it unites in one operation the laws of heaven and earth, the agencies of civilisation and the agencies of religion; because it owns and proclaims one God and Father of all, one common Saviour, one human family, one final home, and one measureless and fathomless and never-ending beatitude—the beatitude of the sons of God, and the heirs of Christ.

Cave & Sever, Printers, Palatine Buildings, Hunt's Bank, Manchester.